THE CONVENT OF NOTRE DAME:

OR,

JEANNETTE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

A TALE OF MYSTERY, OR CELINA.

VOL. I.

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MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL, THE TANJORE
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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY ELIZABETH MONCK,

THE

NOVEL OF

JEANNETTE

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

By her Ladyship's

Most obedient and humble Servant,

THE TRANSLATOR AND PUBLISHER.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.

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FIRST VOLUME.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASVATI MAHAL, THE TANJORE

PREFACE.

I HAD determined on ſpending a part of the laſt ſummer at S---- O----, a village ſituate about a league from Paris, where I had for theſe four years paſt poſſeſſed a little rural habitation. I there wrote my "Celina, or a Tale of Myſtery," a Romance, in ſix volumes, which ap-

peared laſt winter, and which the Public have deigned to receive with the ſame indulgence as they have ſhewn to my former Works: I there lived tranquil and happy, in the company of a valuable and beloved Female, and encircled by an agreeable ſociety of kind and ſincere friends, lovers of the arts, artiſts themſelves. Delightful abode! I never recal it to mind, but tears of ſenſibility immediately flow and moiſten my eyelids: I ſhall inceſſantly behold thoſe flouriſhing ſhores of the Seine, thoſe extenſive and variegated proſpects, interſperſed with mountains, woody hills, villages, and hamlets, conſiſting of cluſters of thatch-

ed cottages, rifing in the midft of a cultivated plain, and prefenting to the aftonifhed eye of the beholder a thoufand varying fhades of verdure and nourifhing plants. I fhall ever tranfport myfelf in idea in that park, formed at once by art and nature, the afylum of a philofopher, an admirer of nature, where the fhade of *La Fontaine* doubtlefs fmiles at *Mancimi Nivernois*, compofing his fables in a grove of young chefnut trees. I fhall ever meafure with the penfive eye of the *Publiciste*, the height of the tufted trees, which decorate the park of *Necker*, that Genevefe Financier, to whom Europe is indebted for fo many wonderful changes ; in

a word, I ſhall often reflect on thoſe delightful evenings which I paſſed in my little garden ſeated on a green bank, by moonlight, and travelling, with my Celina, among the Glaciers of Savoy.

How delightful are the occupations of a man of letters! How they exhalt his being! How they elevate him above that earth which he inhabits! His imagination meaſures the heavens and the earth, enables him to roam through every region (inhabited or not) of this immenſe globe; accompanied by it, without quitting his own rural dwelling, he climbs up the ſummits of Mont Blanc; he viſits every nation, he

converſes with the Indian fiſherman in his humble hut, or tramples under feet the luxurious carpets of the Deſpots of Aſia. With uncurbed wings he directs his flight whither he pleaſes, and quits at pleaſure thoſe empires in which he does not find himſelf happy. Oh! how many wonders did he behold, when he quitted his garden to ſeat himſelf at the frugal table of his beloved companion! how far has he travelled !........

Shall I ever forget thoſe dear friends Citizen B------, his Wife, their lovely children, that intereſting ſociety of artiſts, aſſembled together in the long evenings of Autumn

to enjoy the ſports of Euterpe or of Terpſichore; and ſhall I not inceſſantly behold myſelf among them, ſeated under the myſterious Acacia; or in the evening inhaling the ſweet odour of the flowers,* which bloom along a terrace overlooking the river? Excellent and ſenſible beings, receive here the tribute of gratitude and friendſhip, and permit me ſtill to partake of your innocent diverſions! The contemplation of your ſimple manners is neceſſary to my exiſtence; I behold with tranſport ſuch pictures of virtue; preſent them to me ever, and I ſhall be indebted to you for happineſs.

It was in one of theſe charming ſocieties that were to be met with in this little village, that a lady of five or ſix and twenty years of age made her appearance. She was accompanied by a female friend, who ſeemed to be a few months older than herſelf. The youngeſt of the two bore in her arms an infant who diverted itſelf with the ornaments of its head-dreſs. A handſome cavalier, the father, no doubt, of the lovely child, accompanied this excellent couple, who ſeemed united by the moſt ſincere ties of friendſhip; I haſtened to congratulate the youngeſt on her happineſs in being a mother: Ah, Sir! ſaid ſhe, if I am a mother,

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S

if I am happy, if I am beloved by the moſt worthy of huſbands, behold this friend, it is to her that I am indebted for ſo much felicity !......

Every eye was immediately directed towards the other lady, who bluſhed, turned aſide her head, ſmiled, and entreated her *friend* to ſpare her. No, no, my dear friend, ſaid the former, all the world ſhould know that I owe my happineſs to you ; and there is a gentleman (pointing to me) who, if he had been witneſs of the ſublime action which you have been capable of performing in my behalf, would doubtleſs haſ-

ten to impart it to the Public in one of his productions.

Eager, like every other Romance-writer, after plots, incidents, subjects, I requested the young lady to relate her adventures to me. She for the moment refused, that she might not wound the delicacy of her friend; but early on the following morning, I repaired to a charming country-house, which she possessed in the Valley of Montmorency. The young lady and her husband were by themselves: they made me sit down, and informed me of all that had happened to them, as well as of the obligations they were under to the

moſt feeling and generous of women.

It is this ſtory which I now preſent to the Public; may they diſcover ſome charm in it; may they find a moral and a uſeful aim, and above all that intereſt with which it inſpired me, when it was related to me by the parties moſt concerned! Perhaps the ſublime action of Jeannette at the concluſion, may appear an effort above the capacity of a mortal: it is nevertheleſs true; and, doubtleſs, if it does honour to the lovely ſex who have ſet the example, in conſidering the virtues, eſpecially the

goodneſs and profound ſenſibility of that charming ſex, ours muſt confeſs that an act of delicacy can never be ſupernatural to a woman.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. ✻

JEANNETTE.

CHAPTER I.

A Pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Nicolas.

M. D'ERANVILLE had married for love: he was rich, though Rofalia, his wife, had brought him no wealth, nor even an inheritance to hope for. Rofalia was the daughter of an old military officer, whofe only honorary diftinction was the bannal crofs of Saint Louis, which now was conferred indifcriminately on all; and his means of fupport, the moderate penfion at-

tached to this ornament. Rofalia having loft her father in early youth, had been brought up by a mother, virtuous indeed, but not without one extraordinary weaknefs, which was a paffion for the company of priefts and religious men of all orders, and for paffing all her time at church, where fhe would not have failed being prefent during any feftival or folemnity for all the wealth in the world. Rofalia had imbibed her mother's tafte: devotion formed a prominent feature in her character; and her want of fortune rendering it neceffary fhe fhould devote herfelf to the cloifter, a mode of life which, moreover, did not militate againft her inclinations, fhe was on the point of immuring herfelf for ever in a convent, when M. D'Eranville faw her, loved her, demanded her of her mother in marriage, and obtained her hand. Rofalia loft her

mother a few years after her marriage; and, like an amiable and virtuous woman, concentrated her affections entirely in her husband, who was now the sole object of love she possessed in this world. Rosalia indeed knew she still had one relation living, who had bestowed on her some proofs of kindness in her infancy: this was her mother's brother, who resided at Paris, and possessed an immense fortune; but he had two children, whose education engaged all his time, and he no longer visited Abbeville, near which city was Rosalia's habitation. She never heard from her uncle, and therefore now only thought of her husband.

Rosalia, though still deeply attached to her religious duties, did not however carry devotion to excess. She was far less bigotted on this point than her mother, to whom she owed this slight

failing; benevolent, gentle, a friend to innocent pleasures and chearfulness, she willingly gave into all the pursuits, the amusements of society; and though she often formed its charm by her wit and talents, she constantly rendered her husband the happiest of men by the rare and valuable qualities of her excellent heart.

A gage of their love was now all that was wanting to crown the bliss of this affectionate couple. A child would have been to them the dearest gift of nature; yet nature, often deaf to the prayers of those who invoke her, refused them this blessing. They had all beside this gift to render them happy. Inhabiting a charming retreat near Abbeville, enjoying all the elegances of life amidst a select circle of enlightened and sincere friends, they seemed to have nothing to desire more: Rosalia

longed to be a mother; M. D'Eranville ſighed alſo for the ſoft ties of paternal affection, and it was of little conſequence in their eyes, provided they had a child, of which ſex it was: Madame D'Eranville indeed ſometimes deſired a daughter, and her huſband, who generally coincided with her in opinion, joined in the preference. But to have neither ſon nor daughter! this was too great a privation.

Eleven years had now flown away, ſtill marked by the ſame hopes, the ſame diſappointments, when one morning M. D'Eranville was much ſurpriſed to learn that his lady had privately left the chateau at a very early hour, bearing a little parcel under her arm, and without revealing to any one her motives for this haſty departure. Roſalia was prudent and virtuous: her huſband could not ſuſpect her of any diſhonour-

able ſtep: but whither could ſhe have gone without informing, without conſulting him? He called Roſalia's waiting-maid: — Where is your miſtreſs? —Sir—ſhe is gone out.—I know it: but whither is ſhe gone?—Sir,—no ſecrets if you pleaſe.—Where, I aſk again, is your miſtreſs?—My miſtreſs, Sir? She will return in the courſe of a couple of days, to-morrow perhaps.—If you do not reveal to me the motive of this journey, I will inſtantly diſmiſs you from my ſervice.—Good heavens! my miſtreſs has forbidden me.—What! to tell me her ſecret? Madame D'Eranville never could entertain one injurious to her huſband: indeed with me ſhe never had a ſecret. Speak, Victoria, or you will feel the effects of my reſentment.

The waiting-maid heſitated, grew pale; but, obſerving D'Eranville deep-

ly agitated and grieved, ſhe determined on confeſſing all to him. Well then, Sir, ſaid ſhe to him, you ſhall know all; and, if I am blamed, I hope you will take my part. You are well acquainted with father Idulphus, my lady's confeſſor, the Capuchin who dwells at the neighbouring convent? —Undoubtedly: proceed.—This father Idulphus—You well know how ardently my miſtreſs wiſhes to have a child. —Well! but father Idulphus! ſpeak to the point.—Father Idulphus has let her into the ſecret of obtaining one.— I don't underſtand you.--Sir, you might however underſtand me.—Yes, if I adopted the firſt idea your awkward way of telling a ſtory might ſuggeſt.—Good God! ſir, I am telling what I know, what I have heard, and alſo ſeen.— What you have ſeen ....—Yes, the reverend father Idulphus ſaid to my lady:

My child! hearken to me: if you will go with me to-morrow, I promiſe that you ſhall become a mother.—Inſolent wretch!—Father Idulphus added, It will not be neceſſary for your huſband to know whither we are going: he might derange our ſchemes. — Yes, likely enough.—He added: your pardon, ſir: he added: Your huſband will oppoſe it: he is a worldly-minded man, who turns into ridicule all the pious labours of our religion.—He calls that a pious labour, does he!—Yes, ſurely, ſir, and very pious it is; for they are going to ſpend three days, nine perhaps, in praying together.—In praying, fooliſh girl!—Yes, truly, in praying to the good Saint Nicolas! If the good Saint Nicolas will do nothing for her, ſhe will next go and implore Saint Frambourg; and if this does not avail, ſhe will go to Val d'Ombre, to kiſs ſix

times a day the miraculous foot of St. Maria de Bon-Recours; and it is ſtrange indeed if all theſe ſaints together do not grant her a pretty little infant.

M. D'Eranville had at firſt felt ſome ſlight emotions of jealouſy. He was aſſured of his wife's virtue; but he feared the religious wiles of the old hypocrite, who was the director of her conſcience, and he would not have been able to conceal his anger; but when he heard Victoria ſpeak of Saint Nicolas, Saint Frambourg, and Saint Maria de Bon-Recours, of all thoſe ſuperſtitious practices which the monks palm upon women who would become mothers, he grew calm, and could not forbear ſmiling at her narration. So this is the whole myſtery, ſaid he; and you, ſilly girl! to be afraid to confide to me this extravagant whim of your miſtreſs! Come, this is nothing but a

flight fit of devotion, which I will presently recover her from. Tell me, did she depart this morning for Saint Nicolas?—Yes, sir, for that church which you may recollect is in the neighbouring village of Orneval.—And why did she not suffer any one to accompany her?—Father Idulphus represented to her that her pilgrimage ought to performed alone, and with the greatest humility.—Ah! very good: father Idulphus loves a tête-à-tête! Victoria, tell Picard to put the horses to the carriage: you and I will set out presently for Orneval.—Sir, my mistress will be very angry with me.—No, no; you shall tell her—My stars! you shall tell her you also have a pilgrimage to make to Saint Nicolas.—O sir! my husband Picard and I have no need of the Saints of Paradise: we have been married but four years, and, Heaven be praised,

here am I pregnant with my third child, without any aſſiſtance either from Saint Nicolas, or the reverend father Idulphus.

D'Eranville ſmiled at the good woman's ingenuouſneſs, and preſently after aſcended the carriage with her. Having reached the village of Orneval, D' Eranville inſtantly repaired to the church, where maſs was performing. In a chapel on the left there was a large coloured ſtatue repreſenting Saint Nicolas. At his feet was an enormous brazen urn, filled with offerings of various kinds, and around the chapel were kneeling twelve young women, who ſeemed to vie with each other in lovelineſs. D'Eranville preſently diſtinguiſhed his wife among them, who bluſhed on obſerving him.—My friend, ſaid ſhe, addreſſing him with timidity, pardon me for not having appriſed you

of my defign. I feared your cenfure, your objections, your abfolute refufal to permit my undertaking a holy pilgrimage, in which I have the utmoft confidence.—Rofalia, this is the firft time you ever concealed your defigns from me: tell me where is the father Idulphus?—At the parfonage houfe, my friend.—Ah! at the parfonage: I hope then he will remain there, and that you will return inftantly with me.—My friend, fuffer me to continue my devotions. You ardently wifh to be a father: an infant would alfo be the delight of my exiftence: we furely fhould neglect no means to procure fuch fupreme happinefs. Who knows if Heaven, if the good Saint Nicolas . . . .—Have done with the good Saint Nicolas, Rofalia, and obey your hufband. — D'Eranville, you have never yet refufed me what I afked: do not now begin to grieve me.

Here is room beſide me ; let us pray together ; and be aſſured that the pious devotion of two hearts cannot but be agreeable to the holy ſaint whom you ſee other women are invoking, as well as myſelf.—Ridiculous bigotry !—Ah ! D'Eranville, why ſuch impiety ! if you knew what grief it gives me to ſee it ! it is the only fault I know in you.

Roſalia ſhed tears : her huſband obſerved them, and no longer felt any reſolution to oppoſe her deſigns. He even carried his complaiſance ſo far as to mutter over a ſhort prayer to Saint Nicolas : and Roſalia teſtifying her wiſhes to perform a nine days' devotion at the Saint's feet, he conſented to remain with her at Orneval during her religious fervour : but he determined to watch Roſalia ſtrictly, and to keep from her preſence the ſuperſtitious monk : meanwhile he amuſed himſelf

with the chace along with a few friends, as well as with the pleaſures of the table, and thoſe derived from rural excurſions.

On his return to his eſtate with Roſalia, D'Eranville, who ardently wiſhed to baniſh from his manſion every ſpecies of monks, and who yet feared by ſuch proceedure to alienate his wife's affections, found very a-propos a method of carrying his deſign into execution, by taking his wife along with him on a journey which, it was probable, would entirely diveſt her mind from religious reveries.

CHAPTER II.

Behold JEANNETTE!

D'ERANVILLE was thirty-one years of age, his wife twenty-nine. They had been married eleven years, and ſtill loved each other as ardently as on their wedding-day. It was not indeed ſurpriſing that D'Eranville ſhould feel for his ſpouſe ſuch warmth of affection, as this amiable woman certainly deſerved it. And as to the foible which marked her character; born, if we may thus expreſs ourſelves, with her, ſtrengthened from her infancy by the precepts and example of her mother, it could not but increaſe with the years of Roſalia: beſides ſhe had nothing elſe to occupy her attention, no children to attract her love and ſenſibility; the na-

tural energy of the human mind muſt ever be engaged on ſomething; and devotion, for a woman who has nothing elſe to do, is ſurely the moſt excuſeable purſuit; it was then but occaſional, and always excited by the hope of becoming a mother, of obtaining from Heaven what nature had refuſed her. Setting aſide this wiſh which ſo often fixed her at the foot of altars, ſhe was a ſocial and benevolent woman, and poſſeſſed alſo extreme ſenſibility. Such virtues ought ſurely to counterballance ſo ſlight a fault; and D'Eranville was too enthuſiaſtic an admirer of his wife's perfections, to render her or himſelf uneaſy, by making that for ever a ſubject of complaint, on which he had already frequently ſpoken to her.

On his return then to Abbeville, after the pilgrimage to Saint Nicolas, D'Eranville found the following letter addreſſed to him :

"MY DEAR NEPHEW, *Paris.*

"I am, as you well know, your wife's uncle, and I cannot forget in these fearful moments, my sister's child, the amiable Rosalia, whom I have always loved, though it is long since I saw her. Now learn all my misfortunes: A cruel and dreadful epidemic complaint, has extended its ravages through my ill-fated family: I had but two children, the small pox has robbed me of them both, already blooming in years and hopes.—This fatal disease has now attacked me, at least I fear so. I am alone, and perhaps shall soon terminate my mortal career.—Come to me, my dear relatives, my children now; yes, the only children which remain to me; come and close the eyes of an uncle, an unfortunate father; and if you lose him, may his gifts impress for ever on your hearts his memory and his name.

"FRANCIS DURAND."

This letter coſt the feeling Roſalia many tears, though ſhe had not ſeen her uncle for more than twenty years. D'Eranville was undoubtedly affected at the misfortunes of the Durand family; but he was a man, and the proſpect of increaſed riches ſoothed his grief. Though already rich, he could not recollect, without exultation, that if fate ſnatched M. Durand from the world, his fortune would be augmented by a rental of more than forty thouſand livres. This idea made his heart ſmile, and, muſt we confeſs it? drowned his ſenſibility. He inſtantly prepared to depart; and in a few days, D'Eranville having conſigned his eſtate to the direction of a ſteward, ſat off with his wife, Victoria, and her huſband Picard, who made the carriage almoſt fly to Paris. There, D'Eranville alighted at the houſe of a friend, M. de Briceval,

who poſſeſſed a noble manſion, together with a charming garden in the ſuburbs. Briceval gave the moſt flattering reception to D'Eranville and Roſalia; and the ſame day repaired to their uncle's, whom they found almoſt at the laſt extremity. This old man, now a ſtranger in the world, was given over to mercenaries, who beſtowed on him only the attention their intereſts demanded. As ſoon, however, as he learnt that his niece and nephew were arrived, he recovered ſtrength to embrace them, and to make a will in their favour. A few hours after, he expired. D'Eranville's whole attention was abſorbed in the thought of his ſucceſſion to the property, while the good Roſalia was conſidering, with Victoria, the number of maſſes which would be required, in her opinion, for the repoſe of the ſoul of the deceaſed.

All things, however, by degrees were arranged; and the ſtay at Paris having uncommonly gratified D'Eranville, he formed a deſign of ſettling there, which his wife did not object to. He accordingly hired a ſuperb hotel, very near that of his friend Briceval, and, having next engaged a ſuite of ſervants, he eſtabliſhed a houſehold for himſelf, as well as one for his lady; all this was done without pride or prodigality, but in a good taſte, and ſuch as his fortune admitted of. Their being ſo near the reſidence of Briceval was a circumſtance which pleaſed our virtuous couple extremely: he was a man whoſe friendſhip might be relied on, but of a melancholy temper, and one who had experienced misfortunes. Theſe misfortunes he had never revealed to any one, not even to D'Eranville or Roſalia, who were his moſt intimate friends. Brice-

val had ſworn they ſhould be buried with him in his grave; and he lived in retirement, ſolely occupied with the education of a ſon, now five years old, and who was the only fruit of an unhappy marriage.

Briceval was not more than forty years of age; handſome and well-made; he combined with a lively wit, a ſtrong underſtanding, and, above all, a ſtrict probity and juſtice. His word of honour once given, nothing could make him depart from it. He was candid, ſincere, generous, and feeling, and exhibited an uncommon delicacy of mind under every circumſtance. Briceval, in ſhort, was a friend worthy of the eſtimable D'Eranville.

Our good couple, on their ſide, accuſtomed to a ſedentary and quiet life, ſaw only Briceval, and ſeldom left their own manſion. After a year's reſidence

in the ſuburbs of Saint Germain, they were ſtill unacquainted with the other parts of Paris; and when they went to the Theatre, which was but ſeldom, it was in their own carriage, and they returned in it without ſtopping any where on the way. Thus they lived happy in the boſom of friendſhip and opulence, derived from their own conſiderable inheritance, as well as that which their uncle Durand had left them.

Nevertheleſs they could not reconcile their minds to the want of children, and their fortune being now more than doubled, increaſed their regret at having no one to inherit it. Their having been married twelve years did not tend to leſſen their fears; D'Eranville had renounced the hope of being a father, Roſalia had likewiſe found that her prayers, to all the ſaints of Paradiſe, were of no avail in procuring to her a

mother's joys. They therefore thought it beſt to ſubmit patiently to their lot, even to admit motives for conſolation, and to congratulate themſelves in being freed from the embarraſſments, the cares and anxieties, which a being ever cauſes who owes its exiſtence to ourſelves; for it is thus mankind reaſons in like caſes.

Nevertheleſs when Roſalia beheld a woman in indigent circumſtances encircled by two, four, or even eight children, the fruits of hymen, whom their mother could hardly ſupport, ſhe could not forbear exclaiming in her devotional language: O God! why giveſt thou ſo many children to thoſe to whom thou doſt not ſend the means of providing for them? Why doſt thou ſend into the world ſo many unhappy beings, when I aſk only for one who would be ſo happy, ſo fortunate, ſo tenderly beloved!

She was unhappy, and could not contemplate without envy the felicity of other mothers; but when deſtructive complaints deprived theſe mothers of their offspring, Roſalia conſoled herſelf for not having any, ſince ſhe felt that the loſs of a beloved child would coſt her her life.

One day, Roſalia expreſſed a wiſh to her huſband to viſit ſome of the principal edifices of Paris. She had heard of the church of Notre-Dame, of its high turrets, and the admirable maſter-pieces of art it contained. She wiſhed to begin her reſearches with this ancient cathedral, which ſeemed to accord with her taſte, and excited her curioſity moſt. D'Eranville conſented; and, to increaſe their ſatisfaction, Briceval requeſted alſo to be of the party. They joyfully agreed to it, and all three aſcended the carriage. The awful appearance of this

Gothic building already charms the aſtoniſhed eyes of Roſalia: ſhe enters, and the coloſſal ſtatue of Saint Chriſtopher (which has ſince been deſtroyed) engages all her attention. Her pious ſoul was next attracted to the choir of the church, and ſhe kneels to utter a ſhort prayer, while D'Eranville and Briceval are examining an equeſtrian ſtatue of Philip the fair. A deep ſilence reigns through the awful pile, where only a few devotees were meditating. Suddenly Roſalia is ſurpriſed by theſe words loudly pronounced by an infantine voice:

"Pray remember, the poor little foundlings, who will ever implore the good God for your happineſs."

Roſalia returns, and addreſſes her huſband: My friend, ſaid ſhe to him, what does that mean? Did you hear it?

The ſame cry is repeated. Briceval

approaches: They are, madam, the little foundlings, who are brought up at the expence of government, and who afk affiftance of charitable fouls.—Where are they?—Yonder; follow me; did you not obferve them on entering the church?

Rofalia, furprifed, as all ftrangers are when entering a very large cathedral, had not indeed obferved a kind of recefs in which a Nun was reading, furrounded by feven or eight little children. Rofalia approaches them: What lovely creatures they are! exclaimed fhe.

"Good lady, forget not the poor little foundlings, who will ever pray for your happinefs."

Oh no, no, exclaimed Rofalia, I will not forget you, charming interefting children, whofe very countenances have affected me even to tears! Here, take, take!

She opens her purfe, and fpreads its

contents before these lovely children, who, with a serious air, go and carry it all to their female guardian. Happy age! continued Rosalia; interest speaks not in their young hearts; they coolly take the gold that is presented them; a day will come when they will attempt every thing to gain it, they will know its value; at present I doubt not, this will please them much better.

Rosalia drew from her pocket a cake. Each greedy eye was fixed on the precious dainty: she divides it, and their little hands are stretched out to her on every side. Rosalia dispenses her favours equally to all, and the smile of pleasure plays on the rosy lips of her amiable little guests. Rosalia has emptied her pockets, when she perceives with some chagrin a little one who had remained behind mute and pensive, without having dared to

ſhew herſelf or to come forward. Poor little creature! ſaid Roſalia, I have overlooked you, and unluckily have nothing left: but why did not you come forward as your companions did.

The child bluſhed, and her bright eyes were fixed ſorrowfully on the earth. You bluſh, my young friend; continued Roſalia: I have given you pain, and am ſorry for it; but ſtay, I will go and buy ſomething for you; you ſhall not loſe by it.

The child now went up to Roſalia, held her by the hand, and ſaid to her: No, madam, I do not want any thing— What! are you not fond of ſuch dainties?—Yes, madam.—Well?—But my companions are fonder of them than I.—And what then?—I am very glad that they have had them all to themſelves.—Generous-hearted child! look up: what a charming countenance!

what is your name ? — Jeannette, Madam.—Jeannette ? ah ! you are a little girl then ! And your father ?—I have no father, Madam : our fathers, our mothers have abandoned us: we are the children of God.—Poor innocents, you affect me even unto tears . . . . ! The barbarous wretches ? mothers, and abandon their offspring ! and I, I am not a mother !—O God ! O God !—God will not abandon us; he is the father of us all.—Lovely being ! yes, God is the common ſource of all that exiſts. He has taken you under his protection !—We pray only to him, and love him as ſincerely as our good mothers of the convent.—What facility of expreſſion ! How old is this little girl ?—Four years, replied the guardian ſiſter.—Four years only ! ſo young, and yet ſo ſenſible ! Her little reaſonings charm me. Jeannette, come, oh,

come, let me embrace thee, let me bestow on thee those tender attentions which thy fate and good sense deserve!

Madame D'Eranville embraces the child, who receives her caresses with gratitude and affection.

CHAPTER III.

Adoption.

Behold, my friend, said Rosalia to her husband, if we had such a child....!

D'Eranville embraced also the little Jeannette, who, from his arms, presently passed into those of the feeling Bricéval. During this time Rosalia addresses thus the guardian sister: O my sister! all these children are charming, without doubt; but she who in-

terefts me moft is the little Jeannette; and you fay that fhe is but four years old? Perhaps, Madam, a month or two more. And are you not all fond of this child.—Yes surely, Madam; my fifters love her the moft: and even our governors, when they come to the convent, always enquire firft for her.—It is a child of misfortune, I prefume.—Or of indigence: we know not which. She was brought hither by a perfon who had found her in the path-way.—In a path-way! merciful heaven! to expofe a feeble new born infant to wounds, to the heedlefs fteps of the paffenger! And was there nothing about her which could lead to a difcovery?—None: the poor little creature was abfolutely naked. Not a fingle covering, madam, and this was in the fevereft feafon of the year. A paper was found folded up by her fide; but it

contained nothing—O cruel mother! unfeeling woman! ainas to abandon your child, thou waſt more ferocious than the lion, or the panther! humanity muſt ſhudder at thee!..... What a loſs too is ſuch a child! for reaſon already has outſtripped her years.—True, madam, never did a child diſplay more ſenſe, more gentleneſs. She is a jewel indeed to thoſe who poſſeſs her, and will never want; for ſhe is beloved by every body: I am ſure if ſome noble lady ſhould be inclined to adopt her, and thus deprive us of her, as indeed ladies daily do aſk children of us, our ſuperiors would with great difficulty be induced to part with her.—What ſay you? May we then in your aſylum......—Yes, madam, it is very frequently done. Wealthy people, who have no family, come to this receptacle for foundiings, and children are confided

to them, when it is known they will be well provided for; but as to Jeannette I think they need not give themſelves the trouble to aſk for her.—Ah, ſiſter, but it is Jeannette particularly, that I ſhould wiſh for. Tell me. My friend, Monſieur D'Eranville, liſten to me? Have you heard what the governeſs has juſt told me? married people who have no children may be bleſſed in ſpite of nature, by taking under their protection one of theſe foundlings!—I know it, Roſalia.—And yet you never told me of it? Look on Jeannette, you ſeem to embrace her with tenderneſs; I am ſure ſhe pleaſes you. O my friend! give her then to me; indulge me with ſo bleſſed a gift. Then ſhall I no longer lament my fate, I ſhall no more beſeech of Heaven a child: from this moment I ſhall fancy myſelf a mother, and will diſcharge the duties it impoſes.—

D'Eranville, ftruck with this fudden defire, perceived indiftinctly many advantages which would refult from it on giving his confent. He was alfo fond of children; and Jeannette who was prattling with him, while his wife was engaged in converfation with the fifter, had already captivated his heart, his affections. Yes, my beloved partner, replied he to his wife; yes, I do confent to it: bring up Jeannette; educate her as your daughter, as mine: if you are a kind mother, I fhall alfo be a kind father, and we fhall together form the happinefs of this child.

O my dear hufband! exclaimed Madame D'Eranville, throwing her arms round her hufband's neck: Briceval, a witnefs of this fcene, fhed tears of tendernefs, and the fifter murmured, though in a low tone of voice, as fhe perceived their intention of depriving

her of her beſt beloved child. Madame D'Eranville again took up Jeannette in her arms: My little girl, ſaid ſhe to her, would you not be very glad if I was to become a mother to you?—The child, ſomewhat embaraſſed, looked down.—Anſwer me now, my love? continued Roſalia.—The child at length replied with heſitation; Madam, if you deſire it, I ſhould ever be very good, very obedient! . . . .—Oh, is that the caſe! exclaimed the ſiſter: then ſhe has taken a great fancy to my lady, for her to conſent ſo ſpeedily to ſuch a propoſal! This is the firſt time ſhe has ever expreſſed herſelf thus; for, to all the ladies who have put to her the ſame queſtion, ſhe has ever anſwered, No; I would rather be the child of God and our good mothers.

The kiſſes of our friends were again impreſſed on the roſy cheeks of Jean-

nette. The fifter refumed her dif-courfe; But, madam, I doubt whether you will obtain her eafily of our fuperiors, unlefs my lady is of high birth and poffeffed of great wealth! . . . . . .—O fifter, replied Rofalia, on thefe points, I truft I can give perfect fatisfaction; but if I underftand you right, this child is given over entirely to me, and your houfe can have no further power over her.—Never, interrupted Briceval; it is the cuftom when the perfons to whom they are committed are known. She will be yours; neither father, nor mo-ther, nor any fuperior whatever can have the power of reclaiming her!—What a happinefs, my friend! exclaimed Madame D'Eranville, I am now about to enjoy the bleffing of a child! After a union of twelve years, I think we ought to renounce the hope of giving birth to a being who fhould bear our name: but

ſtill you ſhall be a father, I a mother, D'Eranville, and we will endow at leaſt one human being with happineſs. But I am impatient, my friend: this buſineſs muſt not be retarded a moment; it muſt be accompliſhed immediately: may we not take her away now in our carriage?

Briceval ſmiled; the ſiſter ſtarted objections; but Briceval removed them; he was acquainted with the cuſtoms of Paris; he repaired inſtantly with his friends to the ſuperiors of the convent for foundlings; there D'Eranville made himſelf known, gave in teſtimonials of his rank and fortune, and the child is given up to him by the governors, to the great regret of the ſiſters, who ſhed tears on the departure of their little girl, for thus they uſed to call her. D'Eranville ſigned the reſignation which was offered him: they gave him

the neceſſary papers, eſpecially that which was found near the abandoned child; and our friends depart with Jeannette, accompanied however by the guardian ſiſter, who requeſts as a favour to ſee the aſylum which her precious jewel is henceforth to occupy.

All are weeping with joy and tenderneſs: the child alone appears calm, tranquil, cold, even amidſt theſe general effuſions of love. The ſiſters are almoſt inclined to accuſe her of ingratitude; but, in reading her expreſſive eyes, one might rather have remarked a kind of preſentiment, which, even at this tender age, announced to her the happineſs this change of condition would afford her at a future period.

Jeannette having embraced all her good friends, not forgetting her little companions, her new benefactors have already brought her back with them to

the church of Notre-Dame: there on the ſteps of the Virgin's Chapel, Roſalia, raiſing her up in her arms with her eyes towards Heaven, thus exclaimed:

"Eternal Being, thou who, until now, hath refuſed me the bleſſings of maternity, pardon me, if I have dared to evade thy immutable decrees, in adopting this child of misfortune, this victim of the cruelty of man! I dedicate her to thee, holy Virgin, till her ſeventh year! Watch with me over this innocent creature, and may thy mercy preſerve her for the happineſs I am preparing for her, to enjoy the fortune thy benevolence has granted me, and which I ſhall one day leave her! permit me, O God, to become a mother, in rearing this amiable child, and may her tenderneſs repay me for the cares I ſhall have beſtowed on her abandoned youth."

Madame D'Eranville no doubt added

in a low tone of voice ſome dominical oration or other; for ſhe was muttering for a long time between her teeth, and M. D'Eranville could not forbear ſmiling, as well as his friend, not only at her mental prayer, but alſo at that in which ſhe had devoted Jeannette to the holy Virgin, that is to ſay, to white clothing, until her ſeventh year. Moreover this generous occupation would cauſe an effectual diverſion to the idle and ſuperſtitious practices in which Roſalia, having nothing better to do, had hitherto abſorbed ſo much of her time: D'Eranville at leaſt hoped ſo, and we ſhall ſee, by the end, that his expectations were not deceived.

Madame D'Eranville having finiſhed all her prayers, aſcended again into the carriage with her huſband, Briceval, and the ſiſter Emilia. Roſalia placed the child in her lap, and gave herſelf

up without reftraint to the tranfports of her joy, on beholding in her power fo lovely a creature.

Arrived at the hotel, our friends introduced the fifter Emilia into a fuperb faloon, and the good girl could hardly examine fufficiently with her eyes all the beauties it difclofed. Victoria was inftantly difpatched to purchafe a drefs for Jeannette, until fome could be made expreflly for her: during the abfence of Victoria the amiable pair and their friend amufed themfelves with the child's prattle; and the fifter Emilia, tranfported with the magnificent appearance of the manfion, could not help exclaiming every moment: Poor Jeannette! what a fortunate girl!..... Now indeed fhe will be happy. This morning, I felt an unwillingnefs to bring her to Notre-Dame; it feemed I had a prefentiment that I fhould loofe

her! . . . . . Well, well, it is all for her good! . . . . . Oh! how well will ſhe be provided for? but ſhe ſurely will not forget her dear Emilia, who nurſed her, who loved her ſo tenderly! . . . .

Never, never, replied Roſalia: no, ſiſter, I hope ſhe will never forget you: you will come and ſee her often, will you not?—As often as your goodneſs will permit me.—You will dine with her?—You are very good, madam.—You will behold her increaſe in loveli-neſs and virtue; and you will thus have an opportunity of informing your houſe of the attentions that are beſtow-ed on her.—O madam, not on that ac-count; the inſtitution has nothing more to demand of you or me. I will how-ever, with your permiſſion, often come to ſee her, out of friendſhip, and the wiſh of paying my grateful reſpects to you, madam.

As often as you pleafe, fifter: you will be always received here with pleafure.

And now each began again to kifs and carefs Jeannette, who, in fpite of a timidity very natural at her age, appeared gay and happy, and feemed not at all embaraffed, or aftonifhed at the change of her condition. On the contrary, fhe told little ftories; fhe laughed, careffed in turns Rofalia, the fifter Emilia, and D'Eranville. As to Briceval, he feemed to alarm her when he approached her. He had one of thofe ferious phyfiognomies, which freezes children at firft fight, and repreffes the expanfion of thofe lively feelings fo natural to their age. Briceval perceived the peculiar coldnefs which the adopted child of his friends fhewed towards him, and very far from taking offence at it, he only fmiled: This, faid he, is the

effect of new papas on young people; but, patience, if I do not pleafe her, I hope fhe will feel more friendfhip for my fon: a boy of fix years old, and a little girl of four, who I dare fay will not be long in forming an acquaintance.

Victoria returned in the mean while, loaded with dreffes of every defcription. This good girl who was very fond of children, affifted her miftrefs in taking off Jeannette's black robe, her cap, apron, and white fleeves. She was then clothed in a white linen robe, which feemed highly to gratify her; her dark frock was reftored to the fifter Emilia, who retired, having firft accepted a prefent from Rofalia, who made her renew her promife to come now and then to fee her little favourite.

The evening terminated in gaiety, and Victoria was charged with putting the infant to bed in her own chamber, near

her, and to take care that no harm ſhould happen to her during the night.

CHAPTER IV.

A good Heart diſplayed.

THE next morning Roſalia, who awoke at an early hour, enquired for the child. Victoria, whom ſhe had rang for, approached her bed, and whiſpered to her: I have already dreſſed her; charming madam! only look at her, ſhe is in your chamber; do you ſee her?—Where?—There, before your large glaſs.

Roſalia looked, and beheld the little coquette admiring herſelf in the glaſs, ſtrutting before it, turning herſelf, and ſurveying her fine robe behind, her

fash, and in short giving herself all the airs of a little mistress. Rosalia could not restrain herself from laughing aloud. The child, who fancied her still asleep, perceived she had awoke, and flew to her bed side, exclaiming: Mamma! —Do you call me your mamma, Jeannette? Oh! you are right, you are very right; I am such, and ever will be one to you: but take care of her Victoria. See, she wants to climb on the bed; bring her to me; she will hurt herself else. Oh, good heavens, she has fallen! — No, Madam, see, she is in my arms; now she is in yours!—Dear child! how she caresses me! Do you then love me already? Is it because I have given you a fine robe, a beautiful cap? Tell me. —No, madam, it is because you embrace me, and call me your child.— Endearing creature!—D'Eranville now entered, and was in his turn the object

of Jeannette's careſſes. She was then left free to run about, and play in the garden, under the care of Victoria.

Jeanette's diſpoſition was decidedly inimical to reſtraint and timidity, as ſoon as ſhe became well acquainted with her company. At noon, ſhe came and aſked for her breakfaſt. Breakfaſt, replied Victoria, why you had it already.—True; but I did not eat it: I gave it to the great dog below. He was certainly more hungry than I; for he tried to ſnatch my bread away; and I am ſure I muſt be very hungry indeed before I could do that.

Victoria ſmiled, gave her freſh breakfaſt, reproved her gently, telling her that the dog had always plenty of food, and that ſhe would give her no more, if ſhe let him eat her breakfaſt again.

For ſeveral days, it was remarked that Jeannette eat very greedily at din-

ner: ſhe was ſuſpected, and they found out that this good child had always faſted until then. Each morning ſhe perſiſted in giving her breakfaſt to the dog, and dared not confeſs it for fear of being ſcolded: but it quite pained her, ſaid ſhe, to ſee how the poor dog devoured her bread, and could have devoured a great deal more, if it had been given him. All admired the goodneſs of her heart, but Victoria determined for the future ſhe ſhould breakfaſt with her.

Another time, ſhe returned from the garden very much frightened, and it was obſerved that her frock was ſtained with blood. The alarm was general: they queſtioned her, and learnt from her little jargon, that Petard, being unchained, had endeavoured to carry off one of the hens. Jeannette ran to the ſpot on hearing the cries of the

poor bird, the ſight of her made Pataud leave his intended prey, and the feeling Jeannette had torn her handkerchief to bind up the wounds of the poor hen, to whom however ſhe had undoubtedly done more harm than good.

The ſiſter Emily came to ſee her a week after her adoption: the child wept with joy on beholding her, and the good girl preſſed her to her heart. Madame D'Eranville gave the ſiſter a kind reception, who made a motion to withdraw ſoon after breakfaſt. The child wiſhed to conduct her out unattended by any one elſe: they could not gueſs her motive for this. Jeannette however had one: it was to give to her a great quantity of comfits and other dainties, which ſhe had reſerved from each repaſt. Hold, ſiſter, ſaid ſhe, you will give all theſe to my young com-

panions, to Jacques, to Louis, to Julien; and pray embrace them, and tell them they come from their old little friend, who is very happy, and will always kindly remember them.

See, my friend, ſaid Madame D'Eranville to her huſband, on being informed of this circumſtance, ſee the precaution, ſee the frugality of a child of four years old! what a benevolent heart! I am much deceived if this little girl is ever wanting in gratitude towards us! —'Tis an intereſting little creature, replied M. D'Eranville, and it was a happy day, both for her and ourſelves, which made us acquainted with her: ſhe is our child, Roſalia, and all aſſure me that ſhe will feel towards us the ſentiments of a daughter.

They had given her, for her playmates, Victoria's two children, who were nearly of the ſame age with her-

ſelf; but the child whom ſhe loved moſt, whom ſhe inceſſantly enquired for, in whoſe company ſhe was never tired, was the little Briceval, the ſon of her patron's friend. This youth was ſix years old; and already poſſeſſed ſenſe and reaſon, which accorded perfectly with the character of Jeannette, whoſe wit, as I have already ſaid, had got the ſtart of her age. Young Briceval came every day to play with Jeannette: never were their paſtimes interrupted by cries, tears, or quarrelling; ever good friends, ever complying with each other's inclinations, theſe two amiable children ſeemed to vie with their elders in delicacy and kindneſs. They ſhared every thing between them, and the little boy eſpecially made it his delight to leave with Jeannette any toys of which ſhe ſeemed to be particularly fond.

M. and Madame D'Eranville, as

well as their friend Briceval, obſerved with lively ſatisfaction their mutual affection, and theſe children formed the happineſs of both houſes, to which they alternately reſorted.

Nothing was now wanting to complete the happineſs of Roſalia. Devoting her whole time to the education of Jeannette, whom ſhe loved as her own daughter, ſhe fancied herſelf a mother, and diſcharged the duties of one. Her religious exceſſes appeared daily to decline, and this change gave her huſband uncommon ſatisfaction. To amuſe the child, they took ſhort excurſions into the country; they went to the theatre; and *ennui* was no longer an inmate of the houſe of D'Eranville: ſports and pleaſures were ever purſued; the manſion was now as gay as it was formerly ſad. Thus does infancy animate all: thus does the picture

of innocence enliven the ſummer of life.

An unforeſeen circumſtance however was doomed to caſt a ſhade of ſorrow over theſe ſmiling images of love and peace. Briceval, who ever appeared depreſſed by a grief, of which no one knew the cauſe, came one day, his eyes moiſtened with tears, to announce to his friends that he was about to leave them;—to leave them probably without the hope of ever ſeeing them again. Roſalia and her huſband, ſurpriſed at this ſudden departure, enquired the cauſe of it. He could not, he replied, reveal his misfortunes to any one; they were dreadful, and of ſuch a nature as muſt ever oblige him to confine them to his own boſom. He muſt leave Paris, and he was forced to this ſtep to preſerve his honour, his life even, and that of his child. His

child! muſt he go too! what a loſs to Jeannette, who in the courſe of one year, had grown ſo attached to *her little huſband*, for thus he was called! Briceval tore himſelf with difficulty from the arms of his friends, who reſpected too much his ſecrets to preſs him to diſcloſe them againſt his inclination. Briceval promiſed to write often to them; but he did not ſay whither he was going, nor on what buſineſs. He had ſold his houſe and all his property in Paris, before his interview with them; he aſcended the carriage with his ſon, and left them ſhedding tears of regret and ſenſibility.

What a melancholy ſeparation to the benefactors of Jeannette! Jeannette is now informed that ſhe will not ſee her little friend again for a long time. She weeps; ſhe laments; and her grief

augments that of her patrons, who return into the ſaloon ſad, penſive, and as ſolitary as if a dreadful precipice had ſuddenly been formed around them. To behold no more their friend Briceval, whoſe wit, whoſe ſenſibility, and good ſenſe ſo agreeably accorded with their diſpoſitions! This dear friend, who has ever placed the utmoſt confidence in them, and yet he has ſecrets to hide from them! and thoſe ſecrets too of ſuch a nature as to compromiſe his honour, and even his life! what muſt this worthy man have ſuffered from his fellow-creatures! who are the barbarians who have perſecuted him ſtill!....But let us, for the preſent, draw a veil over this myſtery, which we may clear up perhaps at a future day, and return to M. and Madame D'Eranville and their amiable adopted daughter.

Jeannette was long inconſolable for the loſs of young Briceval: ſhe became melancholy, ſerious, and from this time it was remarked that ſhe abandoned her play-things, trifles which ſo gratify children of her age: and, as if reaſon had already made her perceive the utility of knowledge, ſhe gave herſelf up to the ſtudy of reading, writing, dancing even, and the piano, which Roſalia, who could play very well, began to teach her. Although her little fingers could hardly reach the ſtops; yet ſhe learned with taſte and facility. When ſhe was ſix years old ſhe was a favourite with every one; her benefactors ſpoke of her in public with rapture and even pride. In company, where ſhe formed the very charm, they cauſed her alternately to read, to ſing, to dance, and alſo to play on the piano ſimple airs: in ſhort, ſhe was de-

ſervedly the object of all the praiſe and affection of her benefactors. Alas! Jeannette, this flattering ſcene is about to change; and, although ſo young, you will ſoon experience the effect of mankind's caprice, and your own deſtiny.

CHAPTER V.

A good Example for many Wives.

Six months after the departure of Briceval, D'Eranville, returning one evening from a country houfe which he had bought near Paris, was furprifed on entering his wife's apartment, to fee her fly towards and embrace him with more than common effufion of love and fondnefs. What is the matter, Rofalia? faid he to her; whence arifes this excefs of joy? Have you heard of our friend, who has neglected to write to us notwithftanding his promife? You have certainly fome good news to communicate.—Oh! yes, the beft of news, my friend, the moft

welcome! Behold the caprice of fate! Who would have thought it? Who would have believed it?—But, explain, my Rofalia, for really your joy feems to have turned your brain.—Oh! wonder not at it, fuch tidings as I have to announce are almoft enough to turn any one's brain......After an union of fourteen years, when we defpaired of ever obtaining a pledge of our love..... —What do I hear? are you then pregnant?—Yes, my friend, that is the fecret; I am, and have been fo for more than three months; I am certain of it. I fhall foon be a mother D'Eranville! You will be a father! Conceive all the happinefs of our deftiny!—O my Rofalia! you are about to become more dear to me than ever! This then is the invaluable being after which we have fo long fighed! and it comes after fourteen years!........How fickle is

nature, yet how much gratitude do we owe her !.......But this adopted child, the little Jeannette !......If we could have forefeen !......Well, my friend ! fhall we not keep her ? is fhe not fufficiently interefting to fhare our love with our child ? D'Eranville, it would be inhuman to abandon this little unfortunate being, or to abate any thing of our kindnefs towards her. She muft be brought up as our own child.... To be fure ; fhe will not inherit our wealth ; but we can leave her a part of it, can we not ? We will fee her married, we will alfo give her a portion, and we ought to remember that it was perhaps the good deed of her adoption that has infured us this favour from Heaven : yes, I have an idea that God has rewarded us with this bleffing in return for the benefit we have afforded a poor orphan.

D'Eranville anſwered with a ſmile: If God has thus rewarded us, my good friend, he has not in doing ſo, liſtened to the intereſts of his little protegée; for once a father and mother who knows if our tenderneſs and benevolence may not diminiſh for this poor child.—What, ſay you, D'Eranville? think you that my heart.....Oh! anſwer for mine as I would for your's! Jeannette will be happy, and this event will influence but very little her ſituation here.....But let us diſmiſs theſe thoughts of the future, and think only of our preſent happineſs. I ſhall be a mother, O my friend!....I ſhall nouriſh the infant at my breaſt: be aſſured it ſhall never leave me; this late, but welcome preſent. If it ſhould be a boy, Jeannette will feel leſs the diſtinction between herſelf and my child, and we ſhall fancy we have two children, a

boy and a girl !.....It will be a boy, my friend ; I have a happy prefentiment of it.—Whatever it be, it will be very dear to us, my Rofalia, will it not ?—Oh yes, yes, my dear D'Eranville !.....

From this moment, Rofalia thought herfelf the happieft of women Her features, difplayed the joy of her mind; her health which had for fome time been but indifferent was reftored, and fhe immediately occupied herfelf with forming a beautiful and fuperb wardrobe for the expectant heir. Poor Jeannette ! you already begin to perceive the change your fate is about to experience. Fewer leffons on the piano, fewer praifes, fewer careffes ! but more reproofs and lefs notice taken of thee than formerly. Poor Jeannette ! without gueffing what all this means, thou fometimes figheft, and thy fenfibility often makes thee fhed tears, the

firſt your benefactors ever cauſed to flow from thine eyes! but, ſubmiſſive, docile, and grateful, you complain to no one, not even to ſiſter Emily, who comes now and then to aſk you if you are ſtill happy and content!—Yes, yes, you reply, and, without diſcloſing the dictates of your heart, fly to embrace your adopted mother, who ſtill feels ſome affection for you, but who, perhaps, ſoon........Let us however purſue our ſtory.

At the uſual period Madame D'Eranville, whom her huſband, from exceſs of tenderneſs, had almoſt made a priſoner of, leſt any accident ſhould happen to her, brought into the world—not a boy, as ſhe hoped, but a fine little girl, whom they named Cecilia. I ſhall not deſcribe the feſtivities that took place in conſequence of this event, nor the rapturous joys of the father and

mother; it will be enough to remark that Jeannette had no ſhare in theſe pleaſures, and that while they laſted ſhe was hardly once thought of. She was now ſix years old, and already was able to reflect: but too good to complain, too grateful to notice even the coldneſs with which ſhe was treated, ſhe rejoiced with the reſt, at an event which ſeemed to give ſuch joy to her benefactors. The ſiſter Emily, who came to ſee her at this critical time, felt the injury Cecilia's birth would do to her little favourite, and retired, ſorrowfully ſhaking her head. I ſhall paſs rapidly over the firſt years of Cecilia's life: her mother ſuckled her, and it was perceived that this occupation, as well as the ſtrong ſentiment of maternal tenderneſs inſenſibly detached Madame D'Eranville from Jeannette. Not only were her talents

neglected, but ſhe even became the little ſervant of Cecilia, whom ſhe was obliged to watch, to lead in walking, to play with, &c. Farewell to the fine robes, beautiful ſaſhes, and elegant caps! Jeannette, ſimply clad like Victoria, no longer danced, no longer ſung, had forgot her two airs on the piano, and was obliged to make herſelf uſeful in the family, where ſhe aſſiſted even the domeſtics. She was now twelve years old; Cecilia reckoned ſix; and it was Cecilia who now was become in her turn the jewel, the favourite, the delight of the family. They taught her to dance, to ſing; and Jeannette, during this time, was employed at needle-work to deck this riſing hope of the family.

Notwithſtanding theſe circumſtances Jeannette's diſpoſition was ſtill the ſame. Benevolent, feeling, gentle, and

kind, ſhe charmed every one by the graces of her perſon, and the virtues of her mind. D'Eranville ſtill could appreciate theſe noble qualities, and loved her accordingly; but Roſalia was a mother; nothing in her eyes ſeemed ſo beautiful, nothing ſo faultleſs as her child; and a compariſon between Cecilia and Jeannette was ever in her opinion to the diſadvantage of the latter. Madame D'Eranville was moreover diſpleaſed to obſerve in her houſe a young girl attracting the notice, the praiſes ſhe conceived due only to her daughter, and whoſe charming figure obſcured the graces ſhe beheld in that of Cecilia. Madame D'Eranville however ſtill loved Jeannette, her temper was kind and generous; but ſhe was a weak woman and a mother!

As to the little Cecilia, at ſix years of age it would be difficult to form an

eſtimate of her character. She was very handſome, and promiſed fair to be poſſeſſed of a lively imagination as well as a good heart. Cecilia was never happy without Jeannette, it was only with her that ſhe would play or amuſe herſelf; and Jeannette who felt that ſuch conduct would gratify her benefactor, beſtowed every little attention and kindneſs on the child in her power; thus was Jeannette employed, who, inſtead of being the darling child, was now become firſt waiting maid to the young Cecilia. Jeannette felt her ſituation; but as ſhe had learnt, from ſiſter Emily, that ſhe was but a poor foundling adopted by charity, ſhe thought her lot a very happy one, and far above that which the fatality of her birth had reſerved for her. Thus, as ſhe in virtue, in gratitude to her benefactors, Madame D'Eranville's tenderneſs

and benevolence daily diminiſhed. Cecilia poſſeſſed all her affection, and we muſt allow ſhe was worthy of it; for Cecilia poſſeſſed talents; and the richeſt endowments of the heart and mind daily adopted themſelves in this intereſting girl.

Cecilia was ten years of age, and Jeannette ſixteen, when Madame D'Eranville, who wiſhed her daughter ſhould ſhine without a rival in her houſe, formed the deſign of removing Jeannette. Roſalia's fears of oppoſition aroſe only from her huſband whom ſhe knew was attached to this amiable girl; but as he was ever accuſtomed to comply with her inclinations, ſhe did not much fear ſucceeding on this occaſion. My friend, ſaid ſhe to D'Eranville, Jeannette is now grown a young woman, and is very handy: ſhe is particularly clever at her needle: it ſtrikes

me ſhe would be much more uſeful at the country-houſe than here. You know it is long ſince we viſited our manſion at Bagneux: Jeannette muſt put it in order for us this ſummer. My intention is to carry my daughter there in the ſpring; and in truth, if we do not ſend ſome one before us, we ſhall find it in ſad diſorder. I have bought hangings and beds: Jeannette will be able to arrange all theſe for us. What ſay you to it?

D'Eranville regarded his wife earneſtly for a moment: then ſaid to her, Do you remember, my Roſalia, that at the period of your pregnancy, I hinted my fears that a day would come when you would think no more of poor Jeannette? Oh! you replied, *anſwer for my heart as I would for your's*.... Never ſhall Jeannette leave us! Now what have you to anſwer to

this?—That is to ſay, my friend, that you expected that I would bring up Jeannette in grandeur, in idleneſs, and luxury? you wiſhed me to make a lady of her. In truth then, what avail is it to be a mother, if no diſtinction is to be made between one's own child and that of a ſtranger? Jeannette poſſeſſes no wealth; ſhe expects nothing but from our kindneſs: we muſt accuſtom her to labour, to earning an honeſt livelihood; it is what I have done hitherto: nor do I think I have been wanting in delicacy and generoſity towards her.—Very true; but now you are going to turn her out of your houſe.—Do you call it turning her out of the houſe, to ſend her to paſs a ſhort time at the country houſe, where we ſhall go ourſelves in a couple of months?—Will you not change your mind, with regard to going there yourſelf?—Certainly

not, my friend: I wifh my daughter, who is of a very delicate habit, to pafs fome time there, it will eftablifh her health, which is fo dear to us both. You anfwer me not, D'Eranville; that gives me pain, becaufe I fear you think me unjuft, unkind, and perhaps jealous of the perfections of Jeannette! However, if my defign does not pleafe you, tell me fo: and fhe fhall remain here, and do nothing but deck and admire herfelf from morning till night; for I affure you there is a little of the coquette about the girl! Let us then fay no more on the fubject, D'Eranville; this is the firft time you have oppofed my wifhes; let us difmifs the fubject.

Rofalia, much difconcerted, was about to retire; D'Eranville retained her by the hand. My Rofalia, faid he, you mifconceive my fentiments: I love,

I efteem you too much to tax you with injuftice, ftill lefs with jealoufy; that mean and bafe vice never could enter your heart. But I perceive too clearly that you no longer love a child whom you adopted in the face of Heaven, whom you vowed fhould never be feparated from you.—I am a mother, D'Eranville!—I know it, and love you the more on that account!..... Go, my dear wife, act, difpofe, order as you will; but pay efpecial regard to the feelings of Jeannette, and do not reduce her to the low condition of a fervant! You underftand me? and your good heart anfwers to me for your own conduct on this occafion.

D'Eranville retired, and Rofalia fent for Jeanette, whom fhe ordered, without harfhnefs, but very coldly, to repair immediately to the country houfe at Bagnux. A couple of horfes were

immediately put to the carriage, which was loaded with linen and hangings of every defcription: Jeannette placed herfelf in it, with a heavy heart, though not before fhe had embraced the little Cecilia, who was in reality the caufe of of all thefe mortifications.

CHAPTER VI.

Every-Day Characters.

It was on a very cold day, towards the end of March, that poor Jeannette departed. Nature ſeemed in uniſon with her ſoul. It was not that ſhe poſſeſſed envy or jealouſy, thoſe baſe paſſions, which never enter a noble mind; but that her benefactreſs, whom ſhe ſo dearly loved, whom ſhe had ſo long called her mother, her dear mother! Madame D'Eranville, was now *her miſtreſs:* Jeannette muſt call her ſo, and the idea of ſervice was very hard to her who had been brought up in elegance, to move in a far different ſphere of life. However great was the

change for poor Jeannette, ſhe argued that ſhe was but a poor foundling, educated from charity, and who muſt now repay, by her ſervices, the kindneſs that had been ſhewn her. She accuſed neither M. D'Eranville nor Roſalia; but ſhe was unhappy, and no longer recalled with pleaſure to her memory any one but ſiſter Emily, to whom, at leaſt, ſhe could confide her moſt ſecret thoughts. But ſiſter Emily was not with her; and there was little probability that this good creature, who ſeldom went out, and who had not much time to ſpare, ſhould be able to travel nearly two leagues to viſit her. Jeannette made all theſe reflections alone in the carriage, ſurrounded by various articles, with which ſhe was to embelliſh the country houſe, and feeling but too acutely that ſhe was now nothing more than a ſervant.

Thus ſhe arrived at Bagneux, where ſhe deſcended into the manſion which was to become her future reſidence. The keeper's wife was a woman of an exceſſively jealous and cruel diſpoſition. Madame Dupré, that was her name, was acquainted with Jeannette's birth, ſhe had alſo learned that Madame D'Eranville had ſhewn little kindneſs towards her for many years; this was ſufficient to make Madame Dupré aſſume a tone of authority with her. Ah, ſo you are come, Jeannette, ſaid ſhe, with all the little inſolence of a bad mind: you are welcome. You are come to make a ſtay here; I am very glad of it; for I have need of ſome one to aſſiſt me, and Madame, who has done me the honour to write, informs me that I may employ you in whatever manner I think proper. There is plenty to do here, my jewel:

it is not here as it was at Paris, where you had nothing to do from morning till night, but to drefs and admire yourfelf: here, we have no time for all that; we muft look to the interefts of our mafter's, and when we wifh to ferve them well, we may always find work. Ah! if Madame was not fenfible how faithful and induftrious I am, fhe would not place fuch confidence in me.

Jeannette earneftly looked at this woman, but had not power to anfwer her, fuch indignation did fhe feel at her behaviour. Madame Dupré continued: What can you do? no great things I fuppofe. Well? I can teach you; I am acquainted with many little arts that may be ufeful to you; and if you are gentle and docile, you will find we fhall live together like two very good friends.—Madame, I feel no wifh to afpire to the title of your friend.—You

will however become ſuch; yes, my dear, I am ſure of it.....Dupré (ſhe called her huſband,) here; do you recollect the little Jeannette, whom you ſaw ſo young at Paris? He does not indeed often go there, my dear; it is generally I who repair to Paris when my lady ſends for any one from hence. Look at her, Dupré. She is grown conſiderably, is ſhe not? Faith, one would not think it was the poor little creature who uſed to cry aloud in Notre Dame, Remember the poor foundlings, and we will ever implore God for your happineſs! What a pretty child ſhe was then.

Jeannette could not forbear adding, with a ſigh, and happy too!—Happy, replied Madame Dupré! and what ſhould prevent your being happy now, my child? I am ſure my maſter and miſtreſs have done a great deal for you;

they have in this, as in every thing elſe, ſhewn how good they are!....But we are looſing time in goſſipping here; we muſt ſet to buſineſs. Come, Dupré, come and aſſiſt us.

Dupré advanced: he was a dull, aukward fellow, who could ſay or do nothing civil, and who ſuffered himſelf to be guided in every thing by his wife, whom he conſidered as a great genius. They preſently cleared the carriage of every thing it contained, and Picard, who had brought Jeannette hither, departed again for Paris, having firſt wiſhed our heroine health and happineſs.

Madame Dupré, who acted the miſtreſs, and from the firſt moment of Jeannette's reſidence in the houſe, took care to domineer over her, that ſhe might thus prevent her from invading the authority ſhe there exerciſed, aſ-

ſigned her a little apartment on the attic ſtory, not far from the chambers of the other ſervants. Jeannette retired to it in the afternoon; and there, alone, gave aloofe to a torrent of tears. "O my miſtreſs! ſhe exclaimed in her deſpair, O worthy and beloved woman! it is then too true that I have loſt your affection, that you have withdrawn from me all your kindneſs! What are my crimes? Deign to point them out to me. Suffer me to expiate at your feet thoſe faults of which I am as yet unconſcious. O Roſalia! good and feeling Roſalia! how could you baniſh from your preſence a child whom you once loved ſo dearly, to expoſe her to the cruelties, the inſults of the wicked. Unhappy Jeannette! ſuch is the fatality which has preſided over thy birth If I had parents!.....Ah! parents ever ſtand us in more ſtead than ſtrangers.

My father, my mother, where are they? Why do they thus conceal themſelves? Who will diſcover them to me? Who will guide me into their paternal arms? The child of debauchery, of indigence, or perhaps of an unfortunate paſſion, I owe all to the charity of mankind: yet, oh! how dearly do they ſell their benefits to feeling hearts!—If I had been brought up at Madame D'Eranville's, like a poor orphan girl, accuſtomed to hard and ignominious labour, I ſhould not have repined at a lot obſcure indeed, but ſuited to my ſituation! But, no: they reared me as the child of wealth; they inceſſantly careſſed me; they cultivated my talents; then ſuddenly all their careſſes were ſuſpended; my talents were no longer encouraged, but cold humiliating pity is now my lot!....What a change!"

Happily for Jeannette, her chamber, notwithftanding its fimple and forlorn appearance, commanded a beautiful view of the country, and even of Paris, which could be faintly obferved in the diftant horizon: fhe placed herfelf by the window, and the pleafing fcenes of nature, while they nourifhed her melancholy, rendered it more fupportable. She obferved in the garden Jofeph, the gardener's fon, whofe mother was now embracing him for fome flight fervice he had juft rendered her. Happy Jofeph! exclaimed Jeannette, you have a mother—but I—

Her tears again flowed at thefe reflections, until the voice of Madame Dupré difturbed her from her reveries: fhe inftantly haftened to dry her tears, and defcended to find this woman, who was not likely to confole or pleafe her. What was you doing above there? faid Madame Dupré to her, who, as

we have already obſerved, gave herſelf all the airs of a miſtreſs; ſleeping, I ſuppoſe? If you think you will have time for that you are much miſtaken. Come, come, to work, Mademoiſelle, to work!

Jeannette, ever gentle and timid, did whatever this woman ordered her; and thus did ſhe paſs many years in this houſe, without ever ſeeing her benefactors, notwithſtanding the fine project Madame D'Eranville had formed of going to paſs the ſummer there with her daughter.

Jeannette and Madame Dupré in vain put the manſion in order to receive them: nobody came, and Jeannette had not even the pleaſure of ſeeing them at Paris. Madame Dupré took care to prevent her going thither. She conſtantly wènt herſelf when there were any commiſſions to execute; and

M. and Madame D'Eranville appeared to have entirely forgotten their ancient protegée. As to the husband, he was less culpable; for he was involved in affairs of importance which engaged all his time; but Madame D'Eranville was indeed inexcusable, whatever tenderness she might feel for her daughter, thus to neglect her whom she had promised to protect and render happy, even in the face of heaven; a promise which she ought to have respected as the most sacred of obligations, devoted as she was to the most ridiculous superstition. But Rosalia was a mother, and jealous of Jeannette, whom every one praised too inconsiderately before her. Rosalia wished Cecilia to shine alone, and as the absence of Jeannette satisfied her vanity, she was not sorry in her heart to observe, that Madame Dupré, who

ſeemed to enter into her plans without being formally acquainted with them, came unattended to Paris, and left Jeannette an exile at the ſolitary country-houſe, whoſe ſole wiſh was to ſee again her benefactors.

Roſalia brought up her daughter in the moſt oſtentatious pride and magnificence, and employed herſelf only in the cultivation of her wit and talents.

Meanwhile D'Eranville was engaged in a ruinous law-ſuit. A brother of his, whom he had never known, of whoſe exiſtence even he was a ſtranger, having loſt his parents at a very early age, was returned from the iſles, and claimed the half of his anceſtor's inheritance. His claims were lawful; he pleaded; gained his cauſe; and D'Eranville was obliged to reſtore him the half of his fortune, even of the in-

heritance of his uncle Durand, to which his brother had an equal claim. This was only the commencement of D'Eranville's misfortunes: we ſhall ſoon find ſtill greater ones overtaking him.

CHAPTER VII.

A Pleaſant Promotion!

D'ERANVILLE, whoſe fortune was now diminiſhed by one half, was obliged to ſell his houſe at Bagneux. The reader may expect Jeannette would now return to Paris; not ſo indeed. Roſalia who was accuſtomed to her abſence, ordered her to depart immediately to a little farm ſhe poſſeſſed, with a pleaſure houſe adjoining, in the environs of Meudon, on the hills of Sève. Jeannette obeyed without a murmur; and, without paſſing even through Paris, ſhe repaired to this farm, called the Sheep-fold, where ſhe found, at leaſt, in the farmer, his wife, and ſon, people

more civil and kind than Madame Dupré and her hufband. Jeannette was here to fee to the regulation of every thing. (Some excufe being neceffary for banifhing her hither,) and this kind of infpection giving her fome power over the farmer, fhe received more civility, and lived more happily here for many years.

Madame D'Eranville however had formed a fcheme for what fhe called the advancement of Jeannette. The farmer belonging to the Sheep-fold was a man in years; his wife was infirm, but they had a fon, named Richard, an able lad full of ftrength and activity. He was twenty-five years old, Jeannette was twenty-two. Madame D'Eranville had an idea of marrying them, and allowing father Richard a little penfion, that he might leave the farm to the young folks. Rofalia had in-

duced her weak hufband to confent to this arrangement. Father Richard and his wife looked on this marriage as a happy thing for them; their fon was acquainted with it; Jeannette was the only perfon ignorant of all thefe fine fchemes.

She had indeed remarked that, for fome months preceding, the young Richard was unufually civil and gallant in his behaviour towards her; but fhe had never gueffed the motives for this conduct. One day fhe received a letter inviting her to come to Paris, to dine there with M. and Madame D'Eranville. To dine with them! This was a favour Jeannette had not received fo a long time. Jeannette who ftill loved her benefactors, felt her heart beat with delightful emotions. She dreffed herfelf in her beft attire, and, on the appointed day, departed for Paris.

Jeannette on entering D'Eranville's hotel, was very agreeably ſurpriſed to find herſelf received by a very lovely young female, who, far from diſplaying any pride, announced her with warmth, calling her her beloved friend. ......It was Cecilia. Cecilia was tall and graceful; ſhe had now arrived at her ſixteenth year; and all the charms of youth and beauty adorned her exterior, which was one of the moſt ſeductive that fancy could conceive. What! ſaid Jeannette, deeply affected, Mademoiſelle has not forgotten me then?

Do you then think me ſo ungrateful, my good Jeannette, as to forget the friend of my infancy, the companion of of my childiſh ſports and pleaſures. Never, Jeannette, never will I forget my friend.

Cecilia now embraced her again. So warm an effuſion of friendſhip was a felicity unexpected by the feeling Jean-

nette. Her gratitude caufed her to fhed tears, which the good Cecilia haftened to wipe away. Madame D'Eranville entered at the fame moment. What is the matter, faid fhe furprifed, what is the caufe of thofe tears I obferve in both your eyes.—Oh, mama! it fo long fince I have feen Jeannette! . . . .It is your own fault, child, replied Madame D'Eranville, rather difpleafed: you fhould have gone and feen her at Bagneux and at the Sheep-fold: fince you love her fo, you had better go and live with her there. Your pardon, mama; I did not think I fhould have difpleafed you by fhewing kindnefs towards her whom from my infancy you have taught to cherifh as a fifter.—And what makes you fancy Mademoifelle, you have difpleafed me? Do you fuppofe I cannot love this good girl as well as you, becaufe I do not weep like a baby at the fight of her?

Jeannette ſpoke not during this little converſation: ſhe felt leſs for herſelf than the generous-hearted Cecilia, who was ſo ſeverely reproached before her. Jeannette felt no diſaffection riſe in her boſom towards her benefactreſs: ſhe aſked herſelf mentally: Have I by my abſence committed freſh crimes?

M. D'Eranville when he again beheld Jeannette appeared ſtruck at the charms, which years had cauſed to bloom through all her perſon; he even paid her aloud, a compliment which highly diſpleaſed his ſpouſe. The repaſt was but a melancholy one: D'Eranville was thoughtful; and Roſalia, who had now reckoned her fiftieth year, was become cold and formal, which did not eſcape Jeannette's ſagacity. At the deſert, Madame D'Eranville aſſumed a ſerious tone, which ſufficiently announced the gravity and tedi-

oufnefs of the fubject fhe was about to introduce. Jeannette, faid fhe to our heroine, I fent for you hither, to reveal to you a project my hufband and I have formed for your happinefs, and which will prove to my daughter better than any affertion I can make, that we love you as fincerely as it poffible to love, and have fhewn our affection in a much truer light than herfelf. Now liften to me.

Jeannette kiffed the hand of her benefactrefs, and the latter proceeded: You no doubt, Jeannette, recollect the time when God conducted us to you, a poor orphan, and impofed on us the duty of taking you from his temple, to to bring you up and fhew you all the kindnefs of a parent! You were then but four years old, Jeannette: we had not the happinefs to be parents, and your adoption formed a fweet illufion until the moment when God, touched without doubt at my fervent prayers, af-

forded me the joy of giving birth to Cecilia. From that time, I confefs it, (and who can blame me,) all my affections were turned to this fo long expected fruit of love and hymen. I loved her fo tenderly, that in allowing you ftill a place in my heart, you owe me the deepeft obligation......Do not interrupt me. Cecilia becoming of courfe our heirefs, I felt that I had committed a fault in giving you a tafte for luxury, drefs, and efpecially in cultivating talents which could only be difplayed in genteel fociety, and which would be ufelefs to you in the fituation Heaven had now defigned you for. I therefore altered my plans, there was ftill time for it, and I no longer afpired but to give you that education which was fit for a woman deprived of birth and fortune, and called upon to take an active part in fociety. I have fucceeded in making you a very clever young wo-

man, and ſuch as I wiſhed you ſhould be in the ſtate I deſtined you for. Various circumſtances have hindered me from eſtabliſhing you ſooner; but you are now twenty-two; and it is full time you ſhould be ſettled. I intend to marry you, and give you a portion of twelve hundred livres. Thus I fulfil my engagements to Heaven and to you.

Jeannette bluſhed at this propoſal, and felt extreme embarraſſment. It was not that Jeannette's heart had imbibed a paſſion for any individual; ſhe was ſtill unacquainted with love; but ever ſad, diſpirited, and melancholy, ſhe felt no taſte for marriage. Solitude and liberty, theſe were what ſhe wiſhed for. Her countenance was bent to the earth, and ſhe anſwered not.

You are ſilent, Jeannette! ſaid Madame D'Eranville, ſomewhat ſurpriſed. You do not enquire of me who is the

man I have felected as your partner for life !.....—Whoever he be, Madame, replied Jeannette with hefitation, I doubt not your choice is dictated by prudence and reafon.—Moft furely it is, my child. You know young Richard! ....—Richard, Madam !—Yes, my dear, it is him I am going to give you to ; he is a perfonable and good-tempered youth !....He is induftrious ; he loves you, that I well know: his father will retire; I fhall give you the management of the farm, and thus you will be both happy......What ! are you ftill filent ? Why do you not anfwer me, Jeannette ? Why are your looks bent to the ground ? and your countenance fuffufed with blufhes ! Whence comes this, Jeannette ? From joy no doubt ? for I dare not fuppofe it fprings from pride.....I need not recall to your recollection what you was, what you are,

and I think you muſt perceive, as well as I, that you have no reaſon to expect a higher ſtation in life than that which is now offered you.

Jeannette aroſe: Madame D'Eranville exclaimed: Where are you going? to throw myſelf at your feet, ſaid the poor Jeannette, ſhedding tears, and falling on her knees. Yes, madame, I will water with my tears, theſe feet I now embrace! Deign to believe, my generous benefactreſs, that no motive of vanity prompts the refuſal I dare give to this laſt proof of your kindneſs. Does it become a poor foundling to meaſure ranks? God forbid I ſhould be ſo worldly-minded! Richard is an honeſt man, and certainly does me too much honour in deſiring an alliance with me; but marriage is too far removed from my thoughts to permit me to accept his hand; ſuffer me, madame,

to conſecrate my days, my liberty, my whole exiſtence to you; let me be ever near you, to fly to execute your meaneſt commands, and my fate will then be moſt happy.—What does all this mean, Jeannette? do you love any other perſon?—Yes, madame, yes; I love, I adore a celeſtial being, an angel, who has watched over my abandoned infancy, who has drawn me from the gulph of indigence, to receive me in her maternal arms: this is the being whom I love, the only one to whom I would devote my life: ſhe poſſeſſes all my affections; never will this heart beat for another: it is as impoſſible to eraſe from thence her ſacred image, as to fix there another in its place.

In ſaying theſe words, Jeannette bathed with tears of gratitude the hand of Roſalia. Roſalia ſo much affected, and kindneſs now predominating in her

heart, ſuffered ſome tears to eſcape, which D'Eranville and his daughter haſtened to wipe away: ſhe felt all her plans vaniſh before this devoted affection of her adopted child; ſhe could only ſay, with much emotion to the feeling Jeannette: Riſe, my daughter, riſe, and anſwer me with frankneſs and ſincerity: is it really true that love pleads not in your heart for any one? —Oh! for no one, madame.—Is it true alſo, that you feel a diſinclination for marriage?....An irreſiſtible diſlike. —You can live always with us?—Oh! ever, ever!—Embrace me then, I will not conſtrain your inclinations: I am ſorry I have given you pain: I imagined, on the contrary, I was giving you a proof of my attachment: however, as it does not meet with your wiſhes, let us therefore ſay no more of it. Remain, Jeannette, at the farm;

and, to relieve your solitude, I will give you a companion which your heart undoubtedly will not refuse. I mean Cecilia, my dear Cecilia.—What, madame, shall I have the happiness!.... O my friend!

Whilst Jeannette spoke this, she embraced Cecilia; then suddenly added: Pardon, madame, pardon this liberty which....Call her your friend, exclaimed Madame D'Eranville, she is so; I would she should ever be such.... Do you not approve, D'Eranville, of this scheme for our happiness?....The year 1788 has been fatal to you by the loss of your suit. The year 1789 which is now concluding, seems to announce to us events not less unfortunate. This revolution which now begins to operate through all France, has excited the most dreadful commotion in Paris. Our stay here is hardly safe. I intend

to ſend my daughter to the farm; I ſhall go there alſo, and paſs ſome time with her: and you would likewiſe do well, my friend, to ſeek a refuge there, and let the firſt impulſes of popular violence and anarchy paſs away.—My dear, replied D'Eranville, I ſhould not act with either juſtice or prudence in quitting Paris at a time when the city has moſt need of the exertions of all its inhabitants. I ſhall remain here myſelf; but I highly approve of your deſign, and aſſent to it with all my heart.—My friend, if you are determined to ſtay, I alſo will watch near you, will ſhare your dangers, or endeavour to remove them; but as to Cecilia, it would not be amiſs.........—You are in the right; let us truſt Cecilia to the care of Jeannette, who, more mature in years and reaſon than herſelf, is perfectly adapted to the taſk;

and we will remain here, and fee whither thefe events will lead us.

D'Eranville uttered a deep figh, as if he already had forefeen the misfortunes that awaited him. His wife and Cecilia oppreffed the good Jeannette with their kindneffes, who, for the firft time, fince a long period, had found again the hearts of her benefactors, and all that tendernefs which they had fhewn for her in her infancy.

CHAPTER VIII.*

Love in a Village.

JEANNETTE paſſed the night at the hotel, and departed the next morning for the farm, loaded with the careſſes and gifts of Roſalia, who loved her much, and eſteemed her ſtill more. Madame D'Eranville wiſhed to keep Cecilia with her ſome time yet. It was now the month of January: the winter was mild; but Roſalia wiſhed to defer, at leaſt for a couple of months, her daughter's departure for the country. As to Jeannette, the friend of peace and ſolitude, ſhe was not ſorry to quit the metropolis. In this hour of trouble Paris was lined with battalions: each morning the ſound of the

drum awoke the inhabitants, and the Parisians dreamt but of war and military evolutions. Jeannette returned to the sheep-fold in the hopes of again enjoying tranquillity. Young Richard was expecting her return with the most lively impatience; he loved Jeannette, and knew that it was on his account that Madame D'Eranville had sent for her to Paris.

Jeannette knocked at the door of the farm-house; father Richard came to open it: Who is it, father? exclaimed the young man, who was busy at some work in the farm.—Richard, replied the father, run, come directly; it is Mademoiselle Jeannette returned from Paris. Well, Mademoiselle, how do you do? how are all the family at Paris? what is the news? is all quiet there?

The multifarious questions of father

Richard were prefently interrupted by the arrival of his fon, who came to affift Jeannette in bringing into the houfe fome parcels which were in the carriage. Jeannette replied, fmiling to the father, that the family were well, but as to the reft fhe knew but little: fhe now followed young Richard, who, pale and trembling, is conveying the feveral parcels to Jeannette's apartment. There, alone with her, he remains ftanding; his hands croffed on his breaft, in the filent attitude of a man who is awaiting good or bad news. Jeannette looks at him; obferves his embarraffment, at which fhe is much affected, and remains filent. Young Richard at length broke the ice: Mademoifelle, faid he, with a forced fmile, how does our good miftrefs?—Very well, Richard.—And..... our good mafter?—He is very well too..

—And....Mademoiſelle Cecilia?—Oh! all are in good health.—Ah! I am then the only one who is ill!—You, Richard? and what ails you?—You may well aſk, Mademoiſelle Jeannette, when you regard me with that cold and frozen air, enough to kill me!—I! methinks, Richard, I regard you as I uſually do.—And 'tis that which gives me pain. Have they not ſpoken to you of me, cruel girl!....So you are ſtill ſilent?—Pardon me, Richard, they have ſpoken to me of you, they tell me that you have done me the honour to....look on me with eſteem.—They have told you truly; but that is what all the world feels for you: everybody eſteems you; and I do more, I love you.—You love me? Ah, Richard! why has your affection been ſo miſ-placed?—You do not love me in return then?—It is impoſſible for any one to hate you; but

—Well, Mademoiſelle. — Love and marriage are far from my heart and wiſhes.—Indeed?—Here, Richard, read this letter which Madame D'Eranville has ſent you.—Ah! what news does it bring me? Richard took the letter: he opened it with trembling hands, and read it, at intervals breaking off, in the following manner:

"I promiſed you, Richard, to ſpeak a word for you to Jeannette."

Yes, indeed, ſhe did promiſe it with the utmoſt willingness. . . .

"I have done it, and offered her your hand, aſſuring her that you loved her" . . . .

That I adored her! is what ſhe ought to have ſaid.

"She has liſtened to me with attention". . . .

With attention! good, let us proceed.

" She has liſtened to me with attention, and has thanked me with expreſſions of the deepeſt gratitude ; but. . . ."

Ah ! there is the fatal but !

" But I am ſorry to inform you, my poor boy, that ſhe refuſes you". . . .

She refuſes me ! I need not read any further.

Richard put the letter in his pocket, and was going to withdraw : Jeannette ſtopped him, and begged him to finiſh the letter. You will ſee, ſaid ſhe, my motives....—The motives for your refuſal, Mademoiſelle ? Ah ! however powerful they may be, your cruelty will kill me.

Richard wiped away a few tears which fell from his eyes : he then opened the letter, and continued:

" Let her refuſe you !....ſhe feels the warmeſt eſteem for you : ſhe duly appreciates the honour you have done

her: (he ſhrugged up his ſhoulders,) I can alſo fully aſſure you her heart is not engaged to another."

Is that true? Dare I believe it?

"But ſhe renounces marriage, love, all thoſe affections of the heart, to preſerve one only, that of cheriſhing us until death; that of devoting to us her exiſtence! Think, therefore, no more of it, my good Richard, but give up your deſigns on Jeannette, and to conſole you for her loſs"....

To conſole me! and does Madame think ſuch a misfortune ſo eaſily admits of conſolation? Let us ſee, however, by what means ſhe intends to conſole me!....

"To conſole you for your loſs, I will give you in marriage one of my goddaughters, an amiable and handſome girl, I will double the portion I promiſed you with Jeannette.

Rosalia D'Eranville."

A fine offer truly! Are all Madame's god-daughters put together worth you, Mademoiſelle? Can all the portions in the world prevent me loving one ſo amiable as you?

Oh God! what an unhappy creature am I!

Jeannette endeavoured to ſoothe the grief of this poor lad; but ſhe found it in vain: Richard left the apartment haſtily; and the next morning they learnt he had enliſted into a company of chaſſeurs, which had juſt ſet out, and taken him with them. His old father was inconſolable at his raſh departure, and Jeannette was not much leſs afflicted. She accuſed herſelf, as being the cauſe of this raſh act, and even regretted that ſhe did not conſent to make this young man happy, by whom ſhe was ſo tenderly beloved. This event excited a grief which encreaſed

her natural melancholy; and if it had not been for the kind friendſhip of ſiſter Emily, who by ſtealth came occaſionally to ſee her, ſhe would have paſſed the remainder of the winter in ſuch ſadneſs that her health might have been eventually injured.

Towards the month of March, 1790, Jeannette was ſent for to Paris to ſee Madame D'Eranville, who beſtowed on her freſh proofs of kindneſs, and affection. Adverſities began to weigh heavy on this family, whom plunderers, concealed under the appearance of national cohorts, had pillaged of almoſt all their property in the province. D'Eranville, abandoned to the moſt gloomy deſpair, no longer ſought for conſolation in the pleaſing ſociety of his wife and child. Madame D'Eranville, to call off her huſband's continual contemplation of his misfortunes,

endeavoured to perſuade him to go into the country, did not ſucceed; and fearing to leave him alone amidſt the troubles which now agitated the capital, ſhe perſiſted in her deſign of remaining with him, and confided to the care of Jeannette her daughter, whoſe innocence and tranquillity were in continual danger in a city whoſe inhabitants were now become ſoldiers.

Jeannette was therefore deputed to conduct Cecilia to the farm, and to watch over her as a mother. What ecſtatic delight did theſe commands convey to Jeannette and Cecilia, who both poſſeſſed the kindeſt and moſt affectionate of hearts. Theſe two friends claſped each other in their arms, embraced their parents, their benefactors, and departed, anticipating every pleaſure. Arrived at the ſheep-fold, Cecilia and Jeannette agreed to inha-

bit the ſame chamber, and never left each other; an affecting picture of that friendſhip which united them through life, and which was one day deſtined to require the moſt grievous ſacrifices for the mutual happineſs of theſe two hearts, ſo formed for each other!..... From this period the farm became the moſt delightful reſidence; all was ſmiling and gay, and the very birds ſeemed to fix on this enchanting ſpot to pour forth their lively and melodious notes..

A ſelect library furniſhed one of the apartments of the country houſe: Cecilia had conveyed thither her piano; and theſe two friends paſſed their time, either in making rural excurſions, reading, or playing on the piano. Ye poor inhabitants of Seve and Meudon! ye will often recal to mind the hoſpitable viſits of theſe two conſoling angels!

you whom ſickneſs and misfortunes kept confined to the bed of miſery, I doubt not, you ſometimes fancy you ſtill behold Cecilia and Jeannette, bringing you the broths, the medicines they prepared for you, with their own fair hands; and that your children have revealed to you the little ſums of money they received, unknown to you, to be applied to your relief, ſo fearful were theſe kind beings of wounding your delicacy! not an unfortunate being in the neighbourhood, whoſe tears they have not wiped away! not a pauper whoſe miſeries they have not alleviated! alas! why were they not permitted to remain where they were ſo uſeful to their fellow creatures? and why has fortune deprived them of the means of doing good!

CHAPTER IX.

Rapid Events.

A YEAR fled away in the exercise of these charitable pleasures, M. and Madame D'Eranville came frequently to see the young friends, and never left them without feeling increased tenderness and esteem for their daughter as well as for Jeannette, whom they now looked upon as their second child.

Public commotions however continued to encrease, and D'Eranville, who could not habituate himself to such scenes, had taken such disgust to life, that he would probably have cut short his days, by an act of violence, if he had not often reflected that he was a

father and a husband. His wife perceived the fatal effects of his grief, already traced on his person. His health was gone, and his fortunes almost ruined. Conflagrations and repeated pillage had deprived him of the greater part of his property; there remained to him only a few rents, and his mansion at Paris. To add to his misfortunes, a natural son of his late uncle Durand, profiting by the advantage of the new laws, came to reclaim the whole inheritance of his father, which he asserted had passed unjustly into the hands of a nephew. This gave rise to another tedious law suit, during which other events occured, which augmented still more the despair of D'Eranville. His wife proposed, the following summer, to go and reside with her children at the Sheep-fold. She lived there in tranquillity some months; but an acci-

dental fall brought on her death in the courfe of twelve days!......What an affliction to D'Eranville. Rofalia whom he had fo affectionately loved, that Rofalia, who was fo neceffary to his happinefs, to whom he had fubmitted all his wifhes, who fupported, who confoled him in all his adverfities. Rofalia no longer exifted, and every misfortune feemed now centred to fall upon her unhappy hufband.....D'Eranville would have loft his reafon, if it had not been for the confolations of Cecilia and Jeannette, who, though not lefs afflicted than himfelf, had ftill fufficient ftrength of mind to conquer their grief, and endeavour to alleviate that of the moft unhappy of men. To divert his mind from its afflictions, D'Eranville conceived a defign of vifiting his ancient eftates in the province, and fee if it was not poffible yet to fave

the wrecks of it. He wiſhed his daughter to accompany him, and Jeannette remained behind, to ſuperintend the houſe at Paris, as well as the farm at Meudon, which were now almoſt the ſole remains of D'Eranville's property. The latter departed with Cecilia; and their journey was ſo retarded by various occurrences, that a period of more than a year elapſed before their return. It is true D'Eranville, to whom every place was now almoſt equally indifferent, made a ſhort ſtay in thoſe towns where he found pleaſant accommodation; and his averſion to Paris was ſuch, that he was continually deferring his return thither.

During his abſence, his affairs, which he could not thus attend to, were ſtill further deranged. His uncle Durand's natural ſon gained his ſuit, through the negligence of D'Eranville's lawyers;

and the latter was adjudged to reſtore him the whole inheritance which he had enjoyed for more than twenty years. D'Eranville not having ſufficient to make good the whole, they took from him the little wealth he formerly poſſeſſed, and Jeannette, to whoſe cuſtody the houſe at Paris was committed, found herſelf obliged to leave it to make way for the officers of juſtice and the lawful heir. Jeannette knew of no other aſylum for herſelf and her patrons, than the farm at the Sheep-fold, which, happily for him, D'Eranville had ſome time before aſſigned over to a friend named Lefever, as a laſt reſource, in caſe he ſhould loſe his cauſe. Jeannette wrote to D'Eranville to inform him of this laſt miſfortune; he was then in Britanny, and the ſad tidings had ſuch an effect upon him, that he fell dangerouſly ill. His

fond child paid him every attention, and at length ſucceeded in reſtoring him to health and ſtrength ſufficient to enable him to return to Meudon.

What an affecting interview was that which now took place between theſe two unfortunate beings and the amiable Jeannette! Tears flowed from every eye: no more lands, no more magnificent manſions, no more carriages, (Jeannette had diſmiſſed Victoria and her huſband Picard) no wealth remaining! in ſhort, D'Eranville could not ſurvive ſuch complicated misfortunes; he ſuffered a relapſe of his late illneſs; and, in a ſhort time, his daughter, and his young friend had the grief to learn that the phyſicians deſpaired of his life.

When D'Eranville ſaw his laſt hour approaching, he called Jeannette and Cecilia to his bed-ſide, whoſe hearts were almoſt breaking. D'Eranville

took hold of his daughter's hand, and addreſſed to her theſe affecting words, which ſhe has never forgot:

Cecilia, my love, you weep, and your grief augments mine. I will not aſſert that I feel regret at leaving this abode of trouble, where the ſum of our misfortunes even exceeds that of our happineſs: no, my daughter, you are the only cauſe of my regret in this world; the reſt is but droſs in my eyes. Behold me! behold this plain aſylum, the only inheritance I have to leave you! You ſee your father, who once moved in a ſphere ſo exalted and ſplendid, you ſee him expiring on a ſorry bed, almoſt in want of common neceſſaries, and diſplaying a ſad example of the effect of human viciſſitudes. Cecilia! you now feel, and no doubt acutely, what is fortune in this world! All is tranſitory, all is changing in

form and nature; wealth efcapes the hands of the opulent man, to enrich thofe of the poor, whom he once looked on with a difdainful eye; titles are taken from one to exalt another, and repofe exifts no where. Cecilia..... my fole affliction is this, I leave you an indigent orphan, without rank, without a fettlement: and, an additional misfortune is, my having accuftomed your youth to the enjoyment of the comforts, I may fay, the luxuries of wealth. Your change of condition will be moft grievous to you. I fhall expire, my daughter, ignorant of what will be your future deftiny; I fhall leave you without relations without friends.... what do I fay! without friends! no, you have ftill the good and amiable Jeannette, who may ferve you as a guide, a fupport, a comforter? She is older than you; fhe has more expe-

rience; never abandon her, never leave her, my Cecilia, let her ſupply to you the place of a mother, of all that you have loſt! My child, I ſolemnly command you to live with her, to unite your deſtiny to her's, and to liſten to her as to a good and wiſe friend! Promiſe me you will reſpect this laſt wiſh of your dying father!

Cecilia could only anſwer with her ſobs: O my father! your leaſt commands will ſurely be ſacred to me, when my heart can know no other pleaſure than that of obeying them.

The ſick man now beckoned to Jeannette: And you Jeannette, ſaid he, thou dear and amiable girl; if ever you recall to mind that period when in proſperity, my wife and I caſt a look of compaſſion on the cradle of an abandoned child; if ever you reflect that we adopted you at a time when the pity of

mankind accorded you ſparingly that bread, which you ſhared with other children of misfortune; if you keep alive the recollection of the conſtant tenderneſs I have ſhewn you, and which never admitted of a moment's change till preſſed by the tender ſolicitations of a beloved ſpouſe, who was become a mother. O Jeannette!—watch over my daughter, over this precious treaſure which I confide to you; ſave her from the ſnares of ſeduction, the perſecutions of the wicked, the horrors of indigence; let the labour of your hands be united to my daughter's exertion of thoſe talents which were cultivated for her amuſement: and, united together like two ſiſters, let every thing be common among you. Jeannette, thus you can repay the kindneſſes we have beſtowed on you; thus you will conſole in the

tomb the ſhades of your benefactors! Jeannette, with the ſweet aſſurance of your friendſhip, which I bequeath my daughter, I die more tranquil; and this obligation which I owe you is a bleſſed recompence for the good I have done you. Weep not my children, but receive with my laſt ſighs, the bleſſings of a father who has ever aſſociated you together in his heart and his thoughts! ſhudder not at the approach of that death which is now about to ſeize me, and which has been long the object of my prayers. It is terrible to the proſperous man; but to the unfortunate, it is but the paſſage from miſery to eternal felicity.

D'Eranville pauſed, and his two children, as he called them, ſhed over him tears of regret, and kiſſed with devoted tenderneſs the hand he had offered. He appeared ſenſible of their kind

attention, and with great difficulty added thefe words to his former exhortations: Jeannette, your obfcure condition, and your ignorance of your birth undoubtedly are and may ftill be the fource of long fecurity: yet, if ever you fhould feel an inclination to recover your parents, an inclination which may be to you the fource of a thoufand forrows, it is poffible you may fucceed in this enquiry, whatever difficulties it may feem at firft to be attended with. When, in the receptacle for foundlings, you were firft committed to my care, I was told that a neighbour had found you in an alley leading to his houfe; that by your fide was an unfealed paper too infignificant to induce them to make any enquiries. This paper was given to me; I have it ftill; and you will find it in the little coffer where I have preferved alfo fome jewels of

your mother, my Cecilia. I might have profited by the different indications which this mysterious scroll unfolded; but I loved you too tenderly, Jeannette, to expofe myfelf to the cruel neceffity of restoring you to perfon, who might have the right to reclaim you. My wife and I carefully conceal-ed this writing, the import of which was indeed extremely obfcure, and we have never felt inclined to make any ufe of it; but, if you think proper, Jeannette, you may; and perhaps a fatal difcovery may tear you from the arms of my daughter!—Jeannette, if you would abide by my counfel, you will remain in that happy ignorance in which you have hitherto lived. What good purpofe can it anfwer to find again thofe parents who have been fo unnatural as to abandon you, who may now abufe their imaginary rights,

and render you unhappy? If they are poor, what advantage can you expect? If they are opulent, you may expofe yourfelf to their fcorn; as probably to the vexations of greedy heirs, whofe hopes your prefence has deftroyed; and who, regarding you as I have done my uncle Durand's natural fon, may perfecute you with proceedings more unjuft than any I have ufed towards the deftroyer of my fortune. Jeannette, cherifh repofe; my beloved girl, cherifh peace and obfcurity: it is by fuch means only we can enfure onr happinefs. Such are the councils, the refult of experience, which your dying benefactor gives you. Regard them, I befeech you, even as if they proceeded from Heaven; for man in his laft moments has a glimpfe of eternity; his foul is purified, and his fpirit already imbibes a portion of that celeftial fire which is to animate it to all eternity.

Jeannette and Cecilia were eager to express to the good sick man, the submission they would pay to his least commands. He appeared satisfied with their protestations, and a few hours afterwards expired.

Thus did D'Eranville speedily follow to the tomb his beloved Rosalia; and these two beings, who, in the course of their lives, had done more good than evil in the world, left in it two young creatures, most dear to them, exposed to the passions of their fellow-creatures; amidst the tumults also of a revolution, which gave encreased power to these passions, so fatal to innocence. D'Eranville, Rosalia, were no more! They displayed a sad example of that fatality, by which individuals, in the height of prosperity, are sometimes suddenly precipitated into a sea of troubles.

CHAPTER X.

A Brighter Proſpect.

THE death of D'Eranville threw our young friends into the deepeſt melancholy. Alone in the world, they looked around them with a kind of fear, as if queſtioning with their eyes what would be their future fate. This mournful diſtraction continued for a long time; they had not the power to ſpeak to each other, or to ſhed a tear. At length torrents of tears flowed from their eye-lids; and, if it had not been for the attentions of the good old Richard and his wife, this ſtate of violent deſpair might have been fatal to both of them. The good Richard was eager

to confole them; his wife brought them to her own apartment; and, during this interval, they took care to bury the corpfe, and to remove every thing which might recall to their minds the caufe of their grief.

Some days paffed away in general grief; but at length it was necessary to fubmit, with refignation, to the ftroke of fate; and the final tranquillity of our friends, was the work of a pious ecclefiaftic, who was vicar of the village of Meudon. It is now time to introduce this worthy character.

M. de Verneuil (I do not reveal here his real name) was a man apparently between thirty-fix and forty years of age; tall, well-formed, and difplaying in his phyfiognomy the characteriftic figns of all the virtues of his heart; he was as learned as he was good and feeling. It was not from any particu-

lar bias to it, that M. de Verneuil had taken upon him the clerical profeſſion; but deſcended from a noble family, and born in a country where the eldeſt ſon formerly inherited all, while the youngeſt found themſelves deprived of the fortunes of their fathers, M. de Verneuil was obliged by his family to aſſume the eccleſiaſtical habit. Simple in his taſte as in his ambition, he had always preferred a tranquil ſtate, an obſcure but reſpectable ſphere of life, to the noiſe of cities, the luxuries of a high eſtate; and had long felt himſelf content with a ſimple vicarage in a little village. He recalled to his mind that the facetious Rabelais had formerly amuſed himſelf here, and exulted much in a little tower adjoining to his houſe, where this ingenuous author had once reſided. M. de Verneuil made it his ſtudy; he there read and meditated

inceſſantly, not over his breviary but the works of our philoſophers. M. de Verneuil was a ſage who enjoyed in tranquillity a rental of twelve hundred livres, while his brothers and relations in their ſpheres found themſelves not ſatisfied with a revenue of fifty thouſand crowns each. It was ſome time before the death of Roſalia and D'Eranville, that M. de Verneuil had become acquainted with Jeannette; he often called at the farm to take a luncheon with her, or to aſſiſt her in the management of her garden. He had ſenſe to diſtinguiſh and appreciate the exalted mind, the matured judgement of Jeannette. He lent her books, or accompanied her fine voice with a guitar, which he could play on very taſtefully. They paſſed many happy hours together, and their virtues, the well known credit of their characters, forbade ca-

lumny ever attempting to blacken their innocent acquaintance, which was often enlivened by the presence of Richard and his wife. It is true, and I ought to inform my readers, to prepare them for succeeding events, that M. de Verneuil did not behold Jeannette with an indifferent eye. The good vicar was a man, and often regretted that the ridiculous rules of his order confined him to a state of celibacy, which was by no means agreeable to him. His heart, until now insensible, imbibed a passion for Jeannette; and if he had not been an ecclesiastic, he would before now have offered her his hand. It was at this moment, when love reigned in his heart, that he ardently wished for that liberty, the want of which he had never before lamented; but discreet, noble minded, and delicate, never had he suffered a word

to escape him which might have revealed to Jeannette *his passion*. He was content to adore her in secret; and Jeannette, gentle and unsuspecting, attributed only to esteem and friendship those assiduities which were the effect of love.

M. de Verneuil had also seen Cecilia: Cecilia was lovely, and her features were remarkably regular as well as beautiful: grace and amiableness reigned through all her person: her talents also had been more cultivated than those of Jeannette, but Jeannette had one of those enchanting figures which, handsome without that exact regularity of features, are oftentimes more seductive than even beauty itself. Though serious and pensive, Jeannette possessed an amiable cheerfulness of disposition: a gentle smile often played on her lips, and her mind was more cultivated, and probably more acute than that of

Cecilia. M. de Verneuil therefore remained constant to his first attachment; but although he felt a passion for Jeannette, he still entertained for Cecilia a warm esteem, a lasting friendship. He was the common friend of both these unfortunate young creatures, and at the period of the loss of their father and benefactor, he shewed every attention, gave them all the advice and consolation, that could be expected from the most zealous of friends. It was to his kind offices they owed the recovery of their spirits from this fatal blow; it was he who inspired them with that courage and firmness they have since displayed, and which their situation so much required. M. de Verneuil seldom quitted the little village they resided in, and our young friends experienced much uneasiness whenever he was absent from them.

One day whilst M. de Verneuil was

abſent they received a little billet apparently from a notary, which alarmed them. From as much as they could decypher of it, they found that it contained an order to quit the farm, as it now no longer belonged to them. What new blow did this portend to their happineſs? They awaited with impatience the arrival of their friend, to whom they inſtantly ſhewed this paper. Monf. de Verneuil read it, walked haſtily acroſs the chamber, and exclaimed, O human race! can there exiſt ſuch villiany as this?....What do you mean, ſir! what ſignifies this order to quit our preſent aſylum? This is what it means, Cecilia: Your father, ſome time before his death, finding himſelf almoſt ruined, aſſigned over this farm to a perſon of the name of Lefevre; it is this villain who now aims to deprive you of it.—The monſter!—Do you known him?—No.—He gives himſelf

the title of an advocate. If he does many deeds like this, he will not fail getting rich; but let us not deſpair. Your father ſurely has left ſome counter-writing reſpecting this fictitious ſurrender. Come, let us ſearch.

M. de Verneuil carefully examined all the papers of the deceaſed; but found no record to prove that the farm ſtill belonged to him. However, he poſſeſſed all the title deeds of it, and there was nothing to prove that it was more Lefevre's than D'Eranville's. The good vicar flew to Paris: he conſults an advocate, gives him the writings: the cauſe is tried, the writings are produced, but it ended in Cecilia's loſs of her ſuit. She is condemned to reſtore the farm to the villain who has thus robbed her: and all tended to ſhew that D'Eranville had been the dupe of this wretch who had made him ſign what he pleaſed.

This was the laſt dart in misfortune's quiver that could ever ſtrike our young friends: they had nothing more to loſe; they had drained the cup of adverſity to its dregs. They were thus at once deprived of every reſource, of a home, of fortune, unable even to gain a ſubſiſtence; for their exceſſive misfortunes had taken from them every energy or wiſh to exert their talents. To complete their deſpair, their friend de Verneuil, though he had ſubmitted to all the laws made againſt prieſts, was involved in the general proſcription which ſignalized the reign of terror. The unfortunate man was arreſted, and dragged to a priſon; and, having no relation, no friend to watch over his intereſts in this his utmoſt need, it was Cecilia and Jeannette who rendered him, on this occaſion the kind, but dangerous offices of a lively and active

friendship: but how could they give him pecuniary affiftance, who in fact poffeffed nothing! Virtue will make any facrifice; Cecilia fold her mother's effects and jewels, and was thus enabled to fupport her friend, herfelf, and the eftimable de Verneuil, for fome months.

This refource however being now exhaufted, it was neceffary to devife others: Cecilia, for the firft time propofed to her friend to earn a fubfiftence by embroidery and other ornamental needle-work with which fhe was acquainted. Jeannette could not reftrain a few tears, in beholding Mademoifelle D'Eranville, late the heirefs to a confiderable fortune, now reduced to labour at her needle for a fubfiftence. Jeannette was fkilful alfo at thefe things; fhe therefore applied diligently to work with Cecilia, and thefe two friends, inhabiting a fourth ftory, in a

narrow ſtreet, in the ſuburbs of Paris, aſſiduouſly applied themſelves to work, which brought them indeed but ſmall profits, but theſe were ſufficient for their confined wants. M. de Verneuil now ſucceeded in obtaining aſſiſtance from his family: he was therefore no longer chargeable on this ſcore of friendſhip; and if he did not bluſh for the benefits he had received, he nevertheleſs experienced acute grief at the ſacrifices he had coſt two ſuch generous hearts.

Yet Cecilia, who treated Jeannette exactly as her ſiſter, ſtill abandoned herſelf to the deepeſt melancholy. Nothing could ſooth her ſorrows; ſhe often ſighed, and raiſed her eyes to Heaven, and often did the unbidden tear fall upon her work, which ſhe haſtened to wipe away, anxiouſly looking if Jeannette had noticed it. Jean-

nette for ſome time fancied her melancholy was the natural conſequence of her misfortunes; but the reſerve ſhe obſerved accompany it, and eſpecially the embaraſſment ſhe betrayed on her tears being noticed, inclined Jeannette to ſuſpect that her grief had ſome ſecret cauſe. Added to which, ſhe had ſometimes ſurpriſed her reading letters with great apparent intereſt, which on ſeeing her ſhe concealed with precipitation. Jeannette dared not aſk her friend to reveal her ſecrets; but ſhe felt perſuaded ſhe had ſuch, and it hurt her extremely.

CHAPTER XI.

Is it really a Fault?

ONE day Jeannette made bold to queſtion Cecilia: Mademoiſelle, ſaid ſhe, until now I had flattered myſelf I was honoured with your friendſhip, with your confidence; yet I fear I have not rendered myſelf ſo worthy of it as I could have wiſhed.

Cecilia regarded her attentively, and enquired with an anxious air, why ſhe entertained ſuch fears? Becauſe, Mademoiſelle.........pardon my boldneſs, but I fear you ſuffer grief, with which I am unaquainted.—Grief, Jeannette! have I not loſt a father, a mother, my whole fortune?—as to fortune, Made-

moiſelle is too much of a philoſopher to regret that; and as to the loſs of M. and Madame D'Eranville, it is certainly irreparable; but I think the lapſe of nearly three years ought to have ſoothéd its bitterneſs.—Never, Jeannette, never!—If ſuch is the cauſe of your melancholy, I will reſpect it, Mademoiſelle, and will not trouble you more with importunate queſtions.—Importunate!...(*ſhe ſeized her hand*;) can my friend uſe ſuch an expreſſion to me?—Really it ſeems a juſt one to me, Mademoiſelle! for though I am no ſtranger to the goodneſs of your heart, your ſincerity, I cannot help thinking, that, in the preſent inſtance, you are not entirely candid! It is difficult for great ſouls to diſguiſe any thing! Ah! Jeannette!......aſk no further.—It is true then, Mademoiſelle! I have loſt your confidence!—

Jeannette, there are ſecrets of which our own hearts ought to be the ſole depoſitaries, when the revealing them cannot lead to any good; and it is ever humiliating to confeſs an error.—An error, O Heavens! what a word has my friend ſpoken! could ſhe be capable of one?......Jeannette!.....you ſee my ſhame, the bluſhes which ſuffuſe my countenance!.......Leave me, leave me!—Leave you, Cecilia, when you are in grief! No, no; I will never ſpeak to you more on the ſubject! conceal, entomb for ever in your heart thoſe impenetrable ſecrets; I no longer wiſh to know them: but I will endeavour to ſoothe the uneaſineſs they cauſe you: I will conſole you, and.....Mademoiſelle, you ſhall baniſh me from your preſence, before I will give up the taſk of reſtoring you to that ſerenity of mind, which ought ever to be the

companion of innocence.......Of innocence ......Oh ! what a word have you pronounced !....

Cecilia after this exclamation covered her face with her hands, and retired to a ſmall apartment adjoining Jeannette's. Jeannette remained, extremely ſurpriſed, hardly knowing what to think of Cecilia, wavering between a thouſand conjectures, and in deſpair at the little confidence her friend ſeemed to repoſe in her. Cecilia re-entered about an hour after, and changed the converſation, ſo that Jeannette was totally at a loſs what to conclude.

Some days thus elapſed, and Jeannette remarked that Cecilia's grief ſtill continued to increaſe. She ſhut herſelf up alone, read, often ſpoke aloud, and ſeemed to complain bitterly. Her unhappy condition cauſed ſuch pain to Jeannette, that notwithſtanding her ſix

ed refolution to refpect Cecilia's fecrets, fhe vowed to attempt every thing to difcover them. Cecilia was no longer a child, fhe had now attained her twenty-fecond year; fhe could not be fufpected of an error unworthy her age and principles; what therefore could be the caufe of her deep melancholy.

One day that Cecilia was gone out, and Jeannette remained alone in the houfe, the evening already began to clofe in, when fhe beheld a man enter genteelly clad, who enquired of her if this was not the refidence of Mademoifelle Dafcourt? (This was the name Cecilia had affumed to conceal her own, which was fo well known at Paris.)—Yes, Monfieur, replied Jeannette, who could hardly diftinguifh his features: what do you pleafe to want? I come from Madame de Saint Albin for the veil fhe gave her to mend. Here is her letter.

The ſtranger ſeeks for it, but does not immediately find it; he feels into ſeveral pockets, inſpects ſeveral papers, draws out others, and at length preſents Jeannette with the letter, authoriſing her to confide the veil to him. The ſtranger laid down the money agreed on, and retired. Jeannette preſently after ſtruck a light and ſet to her work, Cecilia returns and learns, with indifference, that Madame de Saint Albin had ſent for the veil; and, continually abſorbed in her grief, approached the light, took up a book, and began to read, ſomething fell from the table, Cecilia ſtooped to pick it up; ſhe perceived a paper which was unknown to her; ſhe took it up and on looking at it exclaimed: Heavens! is this an illuſion? is he then arrived?—Who, Mademoiſelle? —He is certainly come; this is un-

doubtedly his writing. By what ſtrange accident came this paper here. —I know not, Mademoiſelle; unleſs the gentleman who was here this evening has dropped it from his pocket, in ſeeking Madame de Saint Albin's letter.—What ſay you, a gentleman.—Was he tall ?—Yes.—Well formed? —He ſeemed ſo.—About thirty years of age; of a brown complexion, with handſome and regular features ?—I could not well diſcern theſe things; the day was declining.—It is he, it is he, my dear Saint Ange! . . . .

Jeannette was ſilent, but obſervant; and awaited an explanation of this enigma. Cecilia eagerly peruſed the paper, and then again exclaimed Jeannette, O Jeannette; he loves me ſtill! ....he loves me tenderly. Here, judge for yourſelf. (*reads*,)

" Unjuſt and cruel uncle, to whom

I owe the loſs of my repoſe and liberty, when will you ceaſe to perſecute me? and to what purpoſe! to perſuade, to oblige me to reſerve my hand for a child of misfortune, whom I have never known, whom I have never even ſeen!....No, ſir; ſo long as this heart exiſts in my boſom, it will beat for Mademoiſelle Saint Brice...."

Mademoiſelle Saint Brice! repeated Cecilia with rapture, and then continued.

"You know not, you can never know the powerful intereſt which binds me to this charming woman; 'it is the tie you ever loved?—Mademoiſelle, the fatal paſſion of love has never yet, happily for me, entered my heart.—Your heart is then of iron?—It is, methinks, as feeling as that of others; but, ever inclined to melancholy reveries, it has not yet apparently

met with any object to intereſt it.—Why had I not remained at Paris, Jeannette! I ſhould not have then met with this dangerous man who has conquered me; but then how amiable he is: Jeannette! you have ſeen him: is he not ſufficiently engaging to triumph over the moſt inflexible heart?—I told you, Mademoiſelle, I did not much notice him.—Not much notice him; not Saint Ange! Ah, Jeannette! how happy are you in poſſeſſing ſuch inſenſibility!—It was then the perſon who called this evening?—Yes, ſurely, Jeannette; learn, learn all, and then, if you can, blame your unhappy friend for ſuffering herſelf to be ſeduced by ſo many perfections!

Jeannette burned to know Cecilia's ſecret; and Cecilia, who had already partly betrayed herſelf, had no longer a motive to refuſe her friend this proof

of her confidence. Accordingly, Cecilia aproached Jeannette; and having once more perufed the letter of Saint Ange, gave the following relation, which muft have deeply furprifed the innocent Jeannette.

CHAPTER XII.

An unforeseen Event.

You recollect, Jeannette, that after the death of my mother, about three years since, my father conceived such a disgust to life, so deep an aversion also to Paris, that he formed a determination to travel to divert his sorrows. He took me with him, and it was in this fatal journey, Jeannette, your friend lost her peace of mind and her honour. My honour! Jeannette, conceive the extent of that loss which I owe to an unhappy destiny, more perhaps than to the weakness of my own heart. Now listen to me: you will learn some circumstances so sin-

gular, that, if I were to write the hiſtory of my life, people would take it for the rough ſketch of a romance.

There happened to us nothing extraordinary on our way, untill my father's arrival at Abbeville, where he poſſeſſed an eſtate, which he wiſhed firſt to viſit. My father, alarmed at the events of a recollection which had now extended its effects through all France, and fearing that his name would expoſe him too much to the notice of his vaſſals, who believed him immenſely rich, aſſumed the fictitious one of Saint Brice, and commanded me never to utter the name of D'Eranville before any one. It was now more than twenty years ſince my father had quitted this province; and all his domeſtics had been changed ſince that time. There remained on the eſtate only an old farmer, a truſty fel-

low, and one whofe difcretion he knew he could rely on. Undoubtedly, Jeannette, you will attach much of whimficality and little reafon to this conduct of my father; but you have been no ftranger to him; and well know how timid, fickle, and fingular he was; his fears often led him even into imprudence. We arrived at Eranville, and no longer recollected it. The inhabitants, believing we had fled from France, as fo many other rich and titled individuals had then done, had almoft divided our property among themfelves; their pillage extended to every thing, and there now remained only the farm, which they were even inclined to difpute the poffeffion of with the good old Germain. This venerable creature recollected his mafter, flew to embrace him, and fhewed for him the moft lively friendfhip. Peace,

peace, Germain, cried my father to him, I am no longer any thing here, I do not wifh to be, I am only Saint Brice, a traveller, feeking to divert his mind from bufy cares. Beware that you announce not my return; let me not be feen by any one who might recollect me, and only inform me in what ftate are my affairs here.

Germain prefently fatisfied his mafter's queftion: Ah, fir, faid he to him, you have nothing here to hope for. They have treated you as an emigrant, and your property is no longer in your power. You cannot hope for even a fpot of turf on thofe plains which were formerly your prôperty: but you can have recourfe to an appeal; you may make yourfelf known, and prove you conftantly refided at Paris.—By no means, my friend. I would rather lofe all, than expofe myfelf to long and probably dan-

gerous difcuffions, and after all what, will be reftored to me? mere ruins! No, Germain, no, I muft refign myfelf to my fate, and I feel that the facrifice cofts me little, after the lofs of my dear Rofalia.

In vain did Germain endeavour to reafon M. D'Eranville out his prejudices: borne down by misfortunes and fears, he perifhed in his capricious refufal; and having bade an eternal farewell to his anceftorial property, he departed for Orneval, a neighbouring village, to fee a Madame Durocher, who was an old friend of his family.

Madame Durocher was dead; fhe had fold her manfion to a woman of no great reputation; her name was De Linval. This Madame de Linval, to whom we applied for fome account of my father's old friend, gave us a moft gracious reception. I am forry, faid fhe

to us, I can no longer replace to you here the friend you ſeek. Undoubtedly you propoſed to paſs ſome time with her? and your viſit would have proved to that lady a ſource of deep gratification; but ſince ſhe is no more, deign to believe that in loſing this relation, I inherit her attachment to her friends, and her hoſpitable heart. It is late, night is coming on, and Monſieur probably has no aſylum in this province.—Alas! indeed I have not, Madame, replied my father, with a ſigh!—Well then! will Monſieur deign to accept an apartment in my houſe: I will do all I can to ſupply my friend's place to himſelf, and this dear girl, who is as lovely as an angel!

She advanced to kiſs me, and I thought I ought not to refuſe this proof of kindneſs. My father, fearful of acting indiſcreetly, wiſhed for an excuſe to

withdraw; Madame de Linval however insisted, called herself his late friend's cousin, and at length succeeded in inducing my father to accept of the asylum she offered us.

Fatal step! rash consent! what misfortunes has it entailed to me. A dreadful presentiment of evil seemed to freeze my heart, Jeannette, when my father yielded to her entreaties. A sudden paleness overspread my countenance; and though I could not trace the source of such emotions, I felt a strong dislike to remain under this woman's roof, whose manners and conversation had by no means interested me in her favour. Madame de Linval, pleased at our ready consent, rang for three or four footmen, whom she ordered to prepare quickly the apartments in the west wing of the house for my father and me. She then conducted us to the parlour, where we

found a great deal of company; and here the converſation ſoon became general. What ſurpriſed me extremely was, that Madame de Linval, who was not in the leaſt acquainted with us, ſhould preſume to introduce us to her company as two of her intimate friends, juſt arrived from Paris, and come with an intention of paſſing a few months at her country houſe. As my father regarded her with a look of ſurpriſe, ſhe ſaid to him in a whiſper: Allow me to aſſume this flattering title, that you may not ſeem to be entire ſtrangers here. In the country, we ſhould endeavour to avoid the idle conjectures each is diſpoſed to make on our concerns.

She then added in a ſtill lower tone of voice: And you will allow this circumſtance may give riſe to an ample proviſion.

Neither my father nor myſelf underſtood what ſhe meant; we however joined in inducing a belief that we were her moſt intimate acquaintances.

The company talked, played, and yawned; at length ſupper was announced, but here ennui ſeemed to preſide alſo, and at length the gueſts departed. —When they were gone, we obſerved there remained with Madame de Linval only an old military officer, and a youth, who ſeemed to belong to the family.

Sir knight, ſaid Madame de Linval, I reſtore you your liberty which you have ſacrificed to me all this evening, You muſt have been very weary, my friend, you who love neither cards, nor company? Upon my honour, Madame, you owe me no ſlight thanks, replied the old officer; for, aſk my nephew if ever my taſte ſo little accorded with

that of your company as this evening, and had I not known that you expected Monſieur and Mademoiſelle....—Hem? prithee? interrupted Madame de Linval, bluſhing, what ſay you, that I expected!.....—I meant, replied the old man with a ſmile; I meant that if it had not been for Monſieur and Mademoiſelle's company, I ſhould have been twenty times inclined to withdraw in the courſe of the evening.

Mark me, Jeannette, we had not once addreſſed this old commander all the evening, and had hardly noticed him. He now made us, as well as his nephew, a profound bow, and both retired, lighted by a valet, who conducted them to an adjacent apartment. Madame de Linval then ſaid to us ſmiling: you have juſt beheld one of my old, yes, my very old friends! He is the old commander of Mellery, and his nephew is the young

Saint Ange.—They have been with me about a month, and I hope to keep them all the ſummer; the uncle is infirm, and ſomewhat rough in his manners; but I am under great obligations to him, and he adds to the entertainment of my gueſts. I am a widow, and rich: am fond of ſociety; but while I love ſplendour and buſtle, I eſteem alſo honour and reputation. You will however ſee! and in time, I dare believe, you will favour me with your eſteem.—

In time, madame! replied my father....undoubtedly it will afford me pleaſure to cultivate your acquaintance, to recall your obliging reception of us, but I beg you to think better of me than to ſuppoſe that I ſhould thus prolong a viſit which might at length be conſidered as intruſive.—Intruſive, Monſieur! what a word have you employed!.... you did not conſider its meaning; no,

you moſt aſſuredly did not; you muſt take time to grow acquainted with me. I have an intereſt in this; as to you, your features, which bear the character of frankneſs, your whole perſon ſufficiently teſtify you are a worthy man, for whatever reaſon the veil is aſſumed in which you are enveloped; and I believe that M. Saint Brice.....that.....M. Saint Brice will be one true friend more I ſhall ſoon acquire.

She affected to repeat this name of Saint Brice with ſo ſingular an emphaſis, that my father noticed it. Madame, ſaid he to her, are you acquainted with any one who bears my name?—Your name, Monſieur? it is ſomewhat familiar to me; there was a Saint Brice formerly in the light horſe, another in the finance, and a third, whom I knew an abbot, but I think you are no relation to any of theſe?—Madame is right. I am,

alas! a ſtranger, and have nothing I hold dear in this world, but my daughter!—Mademoiſelle is an accompliſhed young lady, and will ſurely prove her father's joy: but I am retaining you, and forget you have been travelling, and are fatigued: good night to you both.

Madame de Linval took a light, and retired to her apartment; we were alſo conducted to the apartments deſigned for us. I found in mine a waiting maid obedient to my leaſt commands, and my father alſo was waited on by an intelligent domeſtic.

My father, ever unhappy, and reſerved, ſaid little to me: he retired, and I entered my own chamber, where I preſently was abſorbed in the reflections the ſingularity of our hoſteſs's character inſpired. I ſhall deſcribe her to you preſently, Jeannette; as to myſelf I then had no knowledge of her fortune, her

her connexions, or her conduct. Circumstances have however since too truly developed the character of this perfidious woman, to whom I owe all my misfortunes.

CHAP. XIII.

It is doubtleſs a Whim.

The next morning my father ſpoke not of purſuing his journey, and I reſpected his wiſhes too much to introduce the ſubject. Madame de Linval ſent up to inform us that breakfaſt was ſerved. We deſcended, and found with her the old commander of Mellery, and his nephew, who politely enquired how we did. Right! interrupted Madame de Linval, without awaiting our anſwer, and if any one is ill I wiſh them to follow my example: let the purſuit of gaiety and pleaſure be their cure; this is the ſource of my health. You ſeem, Monſieur Saint Brice, a little pale and de-

jected; well, reside a month under my roof, and I will answer, you shall have the fine colour which now mantles the cheeks of your fair daughter.

That colour of which she spoke suddenly suffused my whole countenance; and my looks were bent to the earth, while Saint Ange, the officer's nephew, was intensely surveying me. My father smiled, and looked at me also, and this general attention augmented my embarrassment and blushes. Undoubtedly, said my father, Madame's gay spirits, and her fascinating society might be very well suited to restore me to health and tranquillity, if I could prolong my stay with her; but that is impossible; and I am about to depart almost immediately for Abbeville, whence I shall take post.—Depart immediately! replied Madame de Linval. Ah! you surely will not be so cruel, to shew

yourſelf thus for ,a moment, and then diſappear for ever. Indeed you muſt not ſerve me thus, Saint Brice, indeed you muſt not.—Madame !.......What buſineſs have you to tranſact ? None. What are your motives for travelling ? A wiſh to divert your mind from uneaſy reflexions, by a variety of ſcenes and objects. I can procure you more variety under this roof than a journey of two hundred leagues can afford you. You muſt remain here; I am determined on it; you muſt ſtay.—But Madame.....—Ah ! you have no objeection, I know, teazer that you are ; I read your heart, and ſee there....more than you think for.—Yet I ſwear to you, Madame, that my heart contains no ſecret which may not be revealed to you !—It is perhaps too early then to.....But let us diſmiſs the ſubject for the preſent : it is moreover your buſineſs to break ſilence firſt.

My friends, the weather is lovely to-day; ſuppoſe we go and dine at that pretty hunting box in the neighbouring foreſt? Du Villier and Lornevil will be at the chace this morning; let us ſurpriſe them: what ſay you to it? it is agreed on. I will go and give the neceſſary orders.

My father wiſhed to expoſtulate, but ſhe was already gone to ſummon her domeſtics, and was playing up a pretty racket on the ſtairs. My father whiſpered to me: this is a very ſingular woman; I have ſome wiſh to ſtudy her; for ſhe is either mad, or has ſome deſigns I am at preſent unacquainted with.—We ſhall remain here then, my father?—Yes, a few days; juſt to ſee how things will end.

My heart was poſſeſſed anew with uneaſy ſenſations, and I was ſilent. I felt that I was not happy or unembarraſſed in Madame de Linval's ſociety;

ſhe was older than I, and treated me as a child. My father, however, ſeemed determined on ſtaying; and I was obliged to obey.

While the old commander was talking to my father on the ſingularity of Madame de Linval's character, whom he called his beſt friend, Saint Ange took occaſion to ſay a few civil things to me, and this young man, whom my fancy already adopted, appeared to unite a lively wit with modeſty and elegant manners. A few moments after our hoſteſs returned: thanks to the riot I have been making, ſaid ſhe, to us; all is ready, and we may depart immediately. Mademoiſelle, Saint Brice, her father, the commander, and myſelf will go in the great coach, and as to our youngſter, he muſt walk; he will not be long after us; for it is only two leagues hence.

Things were prefently arranged. My father gave his confent, and we were prefently packed into a forry gothic carriage, flowly dragged by two lean horfes. We were hardly arrived at the hunting feat, when we faw running to us Saint Ange, accompanied by Du Villier and Lornevil, two tall young men whom I recollected having feen the preceding evening at Madame de Linval's, as well as feveral of their friends.

Well, faid Madame de Linval, you little expected to fee us here. This was my fcheme, and you find I have made it as ufual fubfervient to my pleafures. For we fhould have dined alone, while now we fhall have fociety.

All the young men haftened to pay their refpects to her. Du Villier efpecially feemed to me the moft eager. He kiffed the lady's hand with an appearance of fondnefs which feemed to be-

long to another ſentiment than that of friendſhip. Is it on my account, ſaid Madame de Linval, with a ſmile, to this gay party, that you ſhew ſuch joy? or is it for the pleaſure I have procured you in bringing hither Mademoiſelle Saint Brice?

This queſtion excited ſeveral gallant anſwers, of which Madame de Linval was the principal object. Saint Ange alone was ſilent, and this reſerve gave me extreme pleaſure. The day paſſed off very agreeably, and in the evening we all returned to Orneval, where the company concluded their day's entertainment in play or ſcandal. A ſlight, ſupper at length over, we retired, oppreſſed with the attentions and kindneſſes of our hoſteſs.

On going to my own apartment, I ventured to aſk my father if it was ſtill his intention to remain in a ſtranger's

houſe, where he was not engaged either by buſineſs or the ties of friendſhip. My child, ſaid he to me, in the unhappy ſtate of mind to which I am reduced, it little ſignifies what part of the world I inhabit; every abode is to me equally indifferent. It is true, that a peaceful and tranquil retreat would pleaſe me more than this manſion of Madame de Linval's, where nothing is thought of but revelry and diſſipation, where conſtantly reſort the giddy and the idle, whoſe trifling converſe importunes and wearies me; there is only the old commander of Mellery that affords me ſatiſfaction. He is a man of pleaſing manners; and his nephew reſembles him both in the ſolidity of his judgement and his wit.

I knew not why my heart beat with ſuch violence at this eulogium my father paid Saint Ange. He did not

however notice my agitation, and proceeded, but I have not any intention, my Cecilia, of remaining long in this houſe; yet the original character of my hoſteſs, her inclination to be free with me, her pretended wiſhes to ſecure my friendſhip, her partial confidences, her ironical ſmiles, all ſeem to conceal a myſtery which I would diſcover before I proceed on my journey; at all events, my Cecilia, I can place ſufficient reliance on your heart and on your principles, to believe you in ſafety amidſt this crowd of gay viſitants, whoſe characters are as ſuſpicious to me as that of the miſtreſs of the houſe; while you never leave your father, and appear only with him, you run no danger. I repeat it, a quiet life is my choice; but I cannot help thinking they have ſome deſign upon me here, which I would even run the hazard of; and if the adventure nei-

ther offends delicacy nor modefty, I will relate it to you.

My father embraced me, and retired to his couch; fleep alfo weighed heavy on my eye-lids, and I withdrew.

On my father's rifing, he was much furprifed to find on the chimney-piece a trinket which he had not obferved there the preceding evening. It was a golden cafe: he opened it, and to his aftonifhment perceived it was a portrait of Madame de Linval. What can this mean? Who has placed this portrait here? With what intention?...Can it be Madame de Linval herfelf who....Pifh! 'tis an idle thought; people give their portraits only to thofe they love; and it is not very likely that a woman, who has hardly reached her thirtieth year, fhould, in two days, fall in love with a man who has paffed his fiftieth. It is apparently a neglect of fome of the fer-

vants; a neglect which a noble-minded man ought to be eager to repair, by reſtoring the trinket to her whom it undoubtedly belongs to.

My father went down to Madame de Linval's apartment, found her alone, and had a moſt curious interview with her, which he afterwards related to me word for word. Madame, ſaid my father to her, has any one occupied lately the apartment you aſſigned me?—Nobody, monſieur. It is, a year ſince an aunt of mine reſided in it, whom I have ſince loſt: but why this queſtion?—Then I ſuppoſe one of your ſervants left accidentally there this trinket, which I found on the chimney piece. Ah, that trinket, replied ſhe with an indifferent air. Yes, I know what it is....it is my portrait, is it not? you have examined it?—Yes, Madame, and admired it! My father now tendered it to her.—

It has been drawn but a month ſince, ſaid ſhe, without offering to take it: do you not think it is a ſtriking likeneſs. Yes, indeed. My father now opened and examined it, and ſaid moreover, it ſeems to me very ſweetly painted.—It is an original, ſaid ſhe, laughing; it is lucky it was not left in the apartment of ſome admirer of my weak charms, for he would certainly have kept it.—Madame, it would be more gratifying to receive it as a gift, than to ſteal it. Right! ſaid ſhe affectedly, this is what embaraſſes me; is it a preſent, you would accept it?—I have no claim to ſuch a favour.—Very good; this is to ſay monſieur does not love me.—To love paſſionately, madame, is the buſineſs of youth; a perſon of my years can entertain no warmer ſentiment than eſteem.—Yet your conduct is no proof even of eſteem.—My conduct?—Yes,

you underſtandme.--I ſwear I do not.-- You are very reſerved, and this is doing me a ſerious injury.—Deign to explain your words, I beſeech you.—Come, come, ſaid ſhe angrily, reſtore me the portrait.—I have no intention to keep it.—Nor any talents to deſerve it.—My kind hoſteſs, pardon the remark; but are we acting a farce here?—If any one is acting what he feels not, it is certainly not me.—Nor me, I ſwear. I ſhould certainly make a moſt ridiculous player, if, at my age, I ſuffered a paſſion to enter my heart, however lovely might be the object that inſpired it.—Who ſpeaks to you of a paſſion, monſieur? who makes pretenſions to your love?—Pardon me; this portrait......Well, it was a neglect of one of my ſervants; it does not pleaſe you, reſtore it then to me; nothing is more natural. Ah! ah! Madame, it does not pleaſe me! you do

me very little juſtice.—And you, ſir, ſhew very little eſteem for me, in thus obſtinately adhering to the fictitious character you have aſſumed.—I do not comprehend you, Madame, and therefore requeſt your permiſſion to retire, to ſpeed my departure from your manſion, and you ſhall no longer be troubled with the preſence of one who, I know not from what motive, appears to have diſpleaſed you.—Sir, you are your own maſter.—Adieu then, Madame.

My father made a profound bow to Madame de Linval, who appeared extremely chagrined; he then immediately repaired to my apartment to give me an account of this enigmatical converſation, of which we could neither of us form any ſolution, and we inſtantly prepared for our departure.

CHAP. XIV.

An Epiſtolary Intrigue.

While my father was engaged in this curious tête-à-tête with our hoſteſs, I had been experiencing the moſt delightful emotions, and it ſeemed that love wiſhed at the ſame time to attack both the father and the daughter. I had deſcended alone into the garden, muſing, without forming any clear reflections, and thinking perhaps confuſedly of the ſhort but grateful eulogium my father had accidentally paid to the youth Saint Ange. Abſorbed in my reverie, I had penetrated into a thick arbour, and was there inhaling the freſhneſs of the ſhade,

when I obſerved on the ground a book half open, which appeared to have been left there by accident; I took it up, and found it to be *Bernard's Art of Love.* While I was reading it as I walked, and my attention deeply fixed on it, a ſoft voice diſturbed me from my meditation; it was that of Saint Ange. Pardon me, Mademoiſelle, ſaid he, I had forgot this book, and am now returned in ſearch of it; but if it can intereſt you I beg you will keep it.—Me, Sir? ſaid I, mechanically tendering him the book.—The ſubject is a fine one, Mademoiſelle, and not unworthy your attention. It is.... *The Art of Love.*---I did not ſuppoſe, ſir, that the nobleſt paſſion in nature could be ſubjected to the rules of art.—Every ſentiment is but a vice or a paſſion, when not ſubject to the rules of delicacy.—I agree with you, ſir; but I never read this book, and am

not acquainted with the ſubject its author treats on.—You are a ſtranger then to love, Mademoiſelle?—Undoubtedly; you cannot ſuppoſe, ſir, that I ſhould anſwer ſeriouſly ſuch a queſtion.—Ah, Mademoiſelle, why can I no longer trifle on the ſubject as you do! Since your ſtay here....—Pardon me, ſir, I muſt now return to my father.—And you deign not to liſten to me, Mademoiſelle? I love you, I adore you, and for the firſt time, is all the flame of love concentered in my heart! One word, Mademoiſelle, one word only!—Sir, ought I to anſwer you any where than in my father's preſence.—And why is your father's interference neceſſary! I have an uncle, but I want not his company to expreſs what I feel...

I could not help ſmiling at this naiveté. He attempted to ſeize my hand, I drew it back; and, notwithſtanding

his prayers and proteſtations, I returned to the houſe, whither he followed me, ſwearing to me that, notwithſtanding my inſenſibility, he would oblige me to anſwer to his love. I thought his menace ſhewed very little delicacy, and I ſhut myſelf up in my own chamber, my heart vibrating between duty, modeſty, and love, which I already began to feel. Saint Ange was well-formed, amiable, graceful, and ſenſible. In a word, he pleaſed me, and I felt that his image, in vain diſmiſſed by my weak reaſon, was for ever fixed in my heart by eſteem and tenderneſs.

I was reflecting on a ſtate of mind ſo new to me when my father entered, as I have already told you, and ordered me to aſſiſt him in preparing for our departure.

It was near the hour of noon; we were giving orders to the ſervants to

carry our effects to the carriage, when my father received a note, couched in the following terms:

"If you are not ungrateful for the attentions I have shewn you, and the reception I have given you, in my house, you will defer your departure, until an interview, which I shall request of you, and of which I will appoint the hour and place, will enable you to do me justice, and reveal to me who you are. I expect this concession from one who presumes to birth and cultivated manners, and who ought therefore to refuse nothing to a lady."

"Ursula de Linval."

"We shall have much company to-day to dinner, I shall place you next myself."

My father twice perused this singular note; and smiling with an ironical air, exclaimed: this woman is assuredly

out of her mind, and therefore I ought not to be furprifed at the fingularity of her manners. Does fhe ferioufly mean to make me the hero of a love adventure. I ought not to fpeak of fuch things before a daughter; but in truth they are fo ftrange!....And yet this woman has by no means the appearance of an abandoned creature. There is certainly here fome miftake on her fide or mine; therefore let us await the explanation fhe requires. Befides this intrigue amufes me, diverts my mind from anxious reflexions, and I fhall be much amufed in unravelling it. Let us leave our baggage ready arranged; and this evening or to-morrow at the lateft, our departure fhall take place.—But I muft now think of anfwering my fair miftrefs!.....

My father fmiled, and this fally of good-humour, the firft he had difplayed fince my mother's death, infpired

me with a lively pleaſure. To this internal ſatisfaction, I muſt confeſs, my good Jeannette, was added, that I felt in the expectation of ſeeing again Saint Ange. It would have grieved me much to have quitted this manſion, without the hope of ſeeing him whom I already felt was not indifferent to me, I therefore aſſumed a gay and thoughtleſs air to diſguiſe my exceſs of joy, paid my father a great many compliments on his new conqueſt, and begged that his anſwer might be in the ſtyle of a paſſionate lover; he however did not follow my advice, for his note was far from polite or gallant. This is the manner in which he wrote to the lady:

"Your behaviour appears to me ſo extraordinary, Madame, that I know not what to think of it. At one moment you drive me from your preſence, at another you preſs me to ſtay. I can

remember the time when I was the object of these caprices; but now they are no longer suitable to my age, nor the nature of my sentiments. You however wish me to defer my departure. Well, Madame, I shall obey you, and shall await with submission the opportunity for an explanation, which I desire more ardently than you can suppose."

He signed this note, and dispatched it to his hostess. A quarter of an hour after, another came from the lady.

" You betray yourself, ungrateful man, in saying you wait more impatiently than myself the explanation I have demanded of you. I have guessed whom you are, from the moment you entered my house. Dissimulation will be no longer of avail; you must either remove the veil you have assumed, or display to me, by your silence, a contempt too unjust for me to have deserved."

Upon my word, ſaid my father, this affair grows ſerious. I fear, my girl, I muſt not confide to your innocent heart the concluſion of an adventure, worthy of the moſt gallant knight. However, let it turn out as it will, I am reſigned.—I much ſuſpect, replied I, that you are miſtaken for another.—It is very likely, let us be patient, and time will clear up the myſtery.

We both amuſed ourſelves for ſome time with our hoſteſs's folly, until, at length, the dinner bell ringing, we deſcended and entered the parlour, where was aſembled a great deal of company. Du Villier, Lornevil, and the ſportſmen whom we ſaw the day before were there; but the only perſon my heart acknowledged, and my eyes diſtinguiſhed above all, was Saint Ange, whoſe anxious looks, as he ſought mine, ſeemed to aſk if I had

forgiven his temerity in the morning. My countenance ſoon told him that I felt at that moment no ill-will towards any perſon, but in this general amneſty, Saint Ange thought only of his own pardon.

Madame de Linval, according to her promiſe, placed my father next herſelf, who, not knowing in what light to regard her, could hardly repreſs a ſmile, as he now and then, when unobſerved, looked at me. The haughty Du Villier ſeemed extremely irritated at the preference given to M. D'Eranville; and I heard him whiſper to Lornevil: ſhe has undoubtedly her reaſons for this conduct, and it ſhall not be long before I am acquainted with them.

Du Villier, who by chance, was placed next me, affected to addreſs his whole converſation to me, and paid me ſeveral flattering compliments; and

I obſerved this conduct of Du Villier made the jealous Madame de Linval ſeveral times grow pale: ſhe even carried her malice ſo far as to addreſs to me ſome very bitter expreſſions, which Du Villier generally anſwered with inſipid raillery. This behaviour by no means pleaſed me, and I obſerved it equally hurt the feeling Saint Ange, who was placed oppoſite to me; he even roſe from table, and went out, to conceal, no doubt, the uneaſy ſenſations his features too viſibly betrayed. His uncle called him; he returned; and, at the deſert, the affected attentions of Du Villier, and the jealouſy of Madame de Linval became ſo apparent, that the reſt of the company openly amuſed themſelves at the expence of theſe ridiculous creatures. My father, whom nothing eſcaped, took this opportunity of whiſpering in the ear of

his female neighbour, and they rose from table, the lady announcing in a careless manner that the dance was about to begin.

The ball opened, and it was destined to increase Madame de Linval's uneasiness. Du Villier presently came to invite me to dance with him: I know not how I came to be so bold as to tell him I was engaged; but I had taken a resolution, either not to dance at all, or to begin the ball with Saint Ange. Du Villier, bent on vexing Madame de Linval, did not invite her to be his partner: he passed over to a little awkward provincial, who instantly accepted him, elated at being preferred to the mistress of the house. Saint Ange now approached, and said to me, with a timid air, I am told, Mademoiselle, you are engaged?...—Yes, to you, I believe, Monsieur, replied I, without

thinking what I ſaid: ſuddenly the impropriety of my words ſtruck me, and I added, I thought you would preſently offer yourſelf.....Am I wrong in my conjecture?—Oh no, no, Mademoiſelle; believe me, I duly appreciate my good fortune in obtaining a preference over ſo many rivals!—You have nothing to fear from them, Monſieur; my heart is capable of diſtinguiſhing but one.—Charming confeſſion!—What, Monſieur! do you take for a confeſſion?....

I was here interupted by a call from the dancers, amidſt whom I now perceived Madame de Linval, who had been at length ſolicited by Lornevil. She was neverthelefs in ſuch an ill-humour, that ſhe danced badly, ſcolded the muſicians, and made ill-natured remarks on us all; and, to crown her diſquiet, the degree of attention I had ever paid to the art of dancing, cauſed me to be ſo much no-

ticed, that I engroſſed all the homage of the men during this agreeable evening, where I affected to dance equally with each chevalier, that I might not nouriſh the hopes of Saint Ange, nor diſplay what I had ſuch an intereſt in concealing.

This feſtivity being at length concluded, I retired with my father, who informed me that the important interview demanded by Madame de Linval, was to take place the next morning in her private cloſet. The choice of the place made my father laugh, who withdrew to his bed-chamber with more chearfulneſs than I had long obſerved in him.

CHAPTER XV.

Unison of Minds.

You are no ſtranger, my dear Jeannette, to M. D'Eranville and my mother? you know that while my mother was diſguſted, and even exaſperated at the follies of mixt ſociety, my father, endowed with honour no doubt, thought lightly of them. Virtuous from character, rather than from principle, my father laughed at the foibles of others, and even excuſed them, becauſe he knew if he had been born with their paſſions, he ſhould have committed as many as thoſe which the world laid to their charge. My mother carried to exceſs the practice of the virtues. My

ſather obſerved them all, while he felt no averſion to thoſe who ridiculed them: my mother's character, in a word, was jealous, my father's was not.

You will blame me perhaps, Jeannette, for ſpeaking with ſuch freedom of my parents; but I owe to one my love for virtue; and unhappily, it was under the guidance of the other, probably from the little ſeverity diſplayed in his principles and example, that I have been found tranſgreſſing, though voluntarily, all the laws of honour. My mother abandoned me at that age when the paſſions are moſt lawleſs and wild, on the edge of the precipice, and my father has not held out a helping hand to ſave me from falling into it. Let me however return to my ſtory.

Hardly had I awoke, when I beheld my father enter haſtily my apartment. My daughter, ſaid he to me, a

note which I found in my apartment on rising has much surprised me. It informs me that your affections have been engaged by the flattering proposals of one of the inmates of this house; his name is not revealed to me; but, if I may judge from what passed yesterday, this seducer can be no other than Du Villier.—My father......before you condemn me, deign to communicate the contents of that note, anonymous no doubt.—Oh yes, compleatly so, and in a hand-writing which is perfectly unknown to me. Here it is:

He presented me with the note, and I read as follows.

"You who would try so rigorously the virtue of others, you who imagine yourself the wisest of men, and fliest the bands of hymen, from the apprehension of meeting with a companion but little worthy of you, think of the

dangers to which your voluntary celibacy expoſes your daughter. A ſeducer has rendered her ſenſible to his pretended paſſion: ſhe loves him with ardour; and, if you do not give her a ſecond mother, your daughter will fall into a ſnare of which both her and yourſelf will be for ever the victims. Accept this advice from a friend."

This note ſo much ſurpriſed me, that I remained for ſome moments utterly diſconcerted; a cold ſweat bedewed my forehead, and I found myſelf unable to utter any more than theſe two words: The monſter!

Whom do you mean, my daughter? demanded mildly my father, who is this monſter you accuſe? who do you ſuppoſe has conveyed me this advice?— I know not, my father: but it is not Madame de Linval! it is ſome one as wicked as herſelf.—Madame de Linval!

but, Cecilia, we are not talking now of her vices or her virtues, the queſtion is, whether the information here given be true, if this vain Du Villier....

I interrupted my father, improving joyfully of his error: Du Villier, my father! And do you render ſo little juſtice to your daughter as to ſuppoſe her affections could be engaged by ſuch a trifler as him.—It is not Du Villier then, my daughter? But who then is it? for I have obſerved here only that young man who could warrant the accuſation of ſeduction and perfidy: beſides, I obſerved he paid his court moſt aſſiduouſly to you yeſterday.—Oh! my father, how can you give even a moment's credit to ſuch falſe reports? Cannot you perceive that this pretended advice is given only to prepare you for the private interview Madame de Linval wiſhes to have with you? This

woman probably knows you are a widower, fancies you are rich; wiſhes to marry you. Indeed, ſir, this is an infernal houſe we are in.

My father remained for a moment thoughtful; then, after a ſhort ſilence, ſaid to me: Cecilia, you take after your mother in ſagacity and foreſight. You have gueſſed it; yes, I think you have diſcovered the deſign......Unwilling to loſe this opportunity, I interrupted him, and thus ſaid: Go then, my father, and hear what this woman has to ſay, whoſe conduct is guided by falſehood and the blackeſt deſigns, and you will preſently return, impelled by the confidence with which you honour me, and ſay: Cecilia, you have made me ſenſible of the perfidy which endeavoured to leſſen you in my eſtimation: your father now will be juſt to you; he knows he is your friend, the firſt

to whom you ought to confide your ſecrets, and that your heart can only acknowledge a ſpouſe which meets with his approbation, and is worthy of poſſeſſing it.

M. d' Eranville, moved by this energetic addreſs, embraced me with kindneſs. My daughter, he exclaimed, my Cecilia! Oh! you will be for ever lovely and good; you will ſupply to my heart the place of your excellent mother...Come, let us ſee this woman: but ſoon, Cecilia, will we quit this dwelling, where virtue, innocence, candour, reputation, all are in danger! Adieu, my Cecilia, embrace your father, and believe he loves, he ſtill eſteems you.

Aſſured that I had now led back the author of my days to ſentiments more worthy of me, I preſſed him to my heart, and he went immediately to Madame de Linval's apartment.

Hardly was my father retired, than I beheld Saint Ange himſelf enter my apartment. How great was my ſurpriſe, my confuſion, at obſerving him take ſo bold a ſtep, ſo dangerous alſo to myſelf, after what had been written to my father, and which could only relate to him! Sir, ſaid I, much embarraſſed, I know not who gives you permiſſion to intrude here; allow me to retire.—Oh no; ſtay, lovely Saint Brice, ſtay! I am indeed your paſſionate admirer, but at the ſame time I would be both reſpectful and ſubmiſſive.—Give me then a proof of your ſubmſſion, ſir, by leaving me inſtantly.—I am ready to obey you, charming creature: but before I go, ſwear you do not hate me.—That queſtion, ſir, is ſo hacknied a one, ſo peculiar to romances and dramas, that I cannot think of anſwering it: is there no diſtinction between adoring and

not hating....There is none among lovers: he who adores not, hates, detefts: love can content himfelf with no intermediate fentiment.—Then, fir, what do you require of me? what do you wifh?—To hear thofe words from your mouth, and then I will retire.—Thofe words?...—Are they fo difficult to pronounce? when I repeat to you a hundred times, I adore you cannot you utter thofe three words fo rapturous, fo pleafing: I love you?—Well! of what ufe would be fuch a confeffion? Do I know whom you are? Do you know any of my connexions? Could we flatter ourfelves with being ever united to each other?—Who fhall prevent it? Hell itfelf has not a barrier ftrong enough to feparate us, at leaft to feparate me from you; for here I can only fpeak for myfelf.—You have not anfwered my queftion.—Do you flatter yourfelf that

your birth, your circumſtances will deſerve my father's conſent?..—Alas! that perhaps is the leaſt obſtacle.—You ſigh, Saint Ange! Your eyes are even filled with tears! You know not how much you intereſt me.—Adorable creature!......—Your hand is not then free?—Oh! yes....it ſhall be.—And you would inſpire me with a paſſion which you are not yourſelf capable of returning. Leave me.—Leave you!—Yes, reſtore me my liberty.—Render me back then mine.

The noble youth wept; Jeannette, he wept bitterly! Say, in my place, would you not have been moved?....I dried his tears, Jeannette; I had the weakneſs to confeſs that he was not indifferent to me, and we long diſcourſed of love and its delights. He at length left me ſwearing that he would ſoon give me proofs of his affections...He has

kept his word, Jeannette; but what proofs, great God!....and after what manner has he given them!...Let me however proceed.

My father returned: the interview demanded with ſuch formality, and ſo impatiently expected, had only ended in giving D'Eranville to underſtand into what an error they had fallen with regard to whom he was, and in convincing him that I had gueſſed aright.

The particulars of their interview I will now relate.

My father entered with a very cold and ſerious air: Madame, I obey your orders.—Oh! here you are,....Monſieur Saint Brice, that I think is your name?—Madame...—You change colour? have you deceived me then?—Has any one preſumed to tell you I have?—Oh! I have heard a great deal of you. I now know you; and allow

me to ſay my pride has ſome reaſon to be irritated at the contempt you have ſhewn for me.—Contempt, Madame ?—Yes, ſir, contempt; and eſpecially a total want of all confidence. Since you have ſeen me, ſince you have felt a paſſion for me, were theſe unhandſome evaſions worthy of a man of gallantry. Wherefore this change of your name; the pretence of coming to enquire for Madame Durocher, whoſe death you could not be unacquainted with. Why all this diſguiſe and myſtery ? Omitting the mention of another perſon, on whom I ſhall be ſilent, but who juſtly excites my jealouſy and indignation.....—Madame, all you have juſt ſaid is ſo perfectly incomprehenſible to me, that I find it impoſſible to anſwer you.—Is Saint Brice your name ? ſpeak....You are confuſed ?—I am quite tired of this interrogatory. You have

no more right to make it than I any obligation to anſwer it. I ſee that you either take me for ſome other perſon, or elſe your mind is deranged. Farewell, Madame.—Ho, traitor, you ſhall not leave me. You ſhall not accuſe me of madneſs with impunity; if I have ſeemed agreeable in your eyes, if I alſo love you, you ſhall at leaſt aſſign ſome reaſon for your perfidy to me.—It is painful, Madame, to hear myſelf denounced perfidious after a practice of forty years probity, proof to all circumſtances.—We ſhall ſee that, ungrateful man; I am now going to be plain with you, and if you deceive me, nothing ſhall ſave you from the effects of my reſentment. Now look on me....Dare you deny that your name is Dormon!—Dormon?—Yes, Dormon. You remain ſpeechleſs!---What, Madame! Dormon, the rich financier, who poſ-

feſſes a rental of an hundred thouſand crowns! do you take me for him!---I am wrong, I preſume?---You certainly have never ſeen him?---Freſh evaſions.---Dormon is much taller than me: you, I ſuppoſe, expected him here.---Yes, and I have been deceived in my expectations. M. D'Eranville here burſt out into a loud fit of laughter: I beg your pardon, Madame, but indeed this jeſt ſets all gravity at defiance; the furious lady accuſed him of adding wrong to his former inſults. My father, ſeeing ſhe perſiſted in her error, roſe to leave the room, exclaiming: Well, Madame, I am that Dormon whom you expected, whoſe hand and fortune you apparently aſpired to; but your conduct has eraſed your image from my heart for ever, and I will now depart immediately for Paris, where many fair females will be proud of gain-

ing that heart without tyranifing over it.

My father left her on faying thefe words, which his curious fituation prompted; and he enjoyed another hearty laugh in relating to me this pleafant miftake, the effects of which we obferved, without having a clue to the caufe. It was now high time to depart, and leave this foolifh woman and her libertine fociety: my father was impatient; and notwithftanding the grief I felt in the uncertainty of never feeing again my dear Saint Ange, I was obliged to obey. Already were the fervants engaged in removing our effects to the carriage, when a new incident fufpended for the fecond time our departure, and compleated my misfortunes.

CHAPTER XVI.

A dreadful Change.

Sir, exclaimed a woman who now prefented herfelf before us, apparently under the deepeft confufion; Sir, deign to hear me, and permit me once more to regain your efteem of which my fatal giddinefs has deprived me.

It was Madame de Linval! My father requefted her to fit down. He would have had me retire, but the rapidity of Madame de Linval's difcourfe prevented him entirely from fignifying his wifhes. Sir, continued this woman, I have a thoufand pardons to afk. I fee I have been unwarily deceived on a point......You are not Dormon, I

perceive; I know it well: I have juſt had the moſt convincing proofs of it; and to be candid with you, I own I have miſtaken you for that perſon. Your air, your features, private information, all has tended to plunge me into an error which has made me guilty of the moſt culpable imprudence. I have even, I know, in your eyes overſtepped the boundary of that decency, that modeſty which is the faireſt ornament of our ſex. Under the certain conviction that you loved me, that you came under an aſſumed name to judge perſonally of my conduct, I cauſed that portrait to be placed in your chamber. I even made advances which only expoſed myſelf. Pardon then, Sir, my conduct; deign to cloſe your eyes on theſe follies; let me alſo hope you will promiſe me inviolable ſecrecy, and allow me time to repair

my faults, to regain your eſteem. You owe me this indulgence, and my diſappointment gives me a right to expect it. I beſeech you, Sir, devote to me yet two or three days of your time. Abjuring all diſſipation, my whole ſociety yourſelves, I would now endeavour to prove to you that my wit and talents are more ſolid than I have yet given you reaſon to ſuppoſe. Farewell to Dormon, farewell to my follies; my aim is now to ſecure a friend in Monſieur Saint Brice; and he is not ſo inhuman as to reject the atonement of a guilty woman.

My father, whoſe heart was frank and ſincere, imagined he perceived the ſame virtues diſplayed in this confeſſion of Madame de Linval: he tried to convince her that the term guilty ſhe had applied to herſelf was by far too harſh; that there had been nothing in

her whole conduct which amounted to more than a ſlight error.—Ah! Sir, replied the artful woman, if it had not been for this error, which blinded my reaſon, ſhould I have uſed ſuch preſſing entreaties to induce you to ſtay when you firſt introduced yourſelf to me?.... ſhould I have ſince employed a thouſand artifices to retain you? ſhould I have addreſſed you with half-confidences unintelligible to you, though I then doubted not you underſtood them. You ſee that if I have diſplayed much levity in my conduct, a ſingular connection of circumſtances will in ſome degree tend to excuſe it. You have told me, Sir, ſeveral times that no buſineſs of immediate importance directed your travels; grant me then the favour I aſk. Two days more, only two days; and if not for my ſake, or your own, let this charming girl plead for

me, whofe lofs I fhall fo feverely feel, whofe graces, talents, and amiable character will form the charm of our re-union. Shall I obtain this favour?

My father, naturally little inclined to be firm in his defigns, hefitated for a moment before he replied: his eyes feemed to confult me; but mine were depreffed, that he might not read in them the defire I felt to prolong my ftay in a place dangerous indeed to innocence, but which love feemed for ever to have attached me to. I did not anfwer, and my good father, taking my filence for confent, pleafed moreover at the honeft and candid manner of Madame de Linval, who entreated him to forget her extravagances, my father confented to prolong his ftay; and, for the fecond time, our portmanteaus were removed to our refpective apartments.

I ſhould obſerve to you, Jeannette, that I was remarking attentively Madame de Linval, and her ſecret and malignant exultation did not eſcape my notice, when my father yielded to her entreaties. She bit her lips, and even changed colour, when ſhe remarked the attention I paid to her leaſt movements; but, like an able politician, ſhe ſoon recovered from her confuſion, thanked my father a thouſand times, and loaded me with careſſes. She then retired, and we remained where we were.

And now, Jeannette, it will be proper to reveal to you ſomething of the character, the intrigues, and the plots of this vile and contemptible woman; and you will ſee into what ſnares my father's imprudence had led the innocence of his unhappy daughter. Liſten to me with attention: what I ſhall

now relate, I knew not, to my misfortune, untill a long time after.

Madame de Linval was one of thoſe women of moderate virtue, who, being left widows at an early age, plunge into all the follies of coquetry, and devote their whole time to ſplendid appearances, and to diſplay themſelves to advantage. Madame de Linval, after having led at Paris a life ſufficiently depraved, had the prudence to amaſs ſome property; and had reſided for three years in a large and elegant country-houſe, which ſhe had purchaſed, in the village of Orneval, near Abbeville. There, no doubt, from the profit that accrued from her riches, ſhe gave reception to a crowd of young libertines, old ſharpers, and women of her own deſcription, Du Villier was the lover of the day; and Lornevil, as well as ſeveral others, expected their turns,

their turns, which they knew were not far diſtant. But a Madame Dumerel, whoſe lover ſhe had deprived her of, influenced by the moſt horrid jealouſy and fury towards Madame de Linval, to avenge herſelf, conceived a device, pleaſant enough, but of which I, alas! was to be the ſad victim!......

You know, Jeannette, that at Paris ſocieties are compoſed of all ranks of people. This Madame Dumerel, who acted there the prude and the woman of fair reputation, went to the houſe of one of my father's friends. There, ſhe heard a report that Monſieur D'Eranville was about to depart with his daughter for his eſtate near Abbeville, and that he ſhould pay his reſpects likewiſe to a Madame Durocher, an old friend of his, who lived in the village of Orneval. Madame Dumerel knew that this lady Durocher was dead? that

her enemy, Madame de Linval, had purchafed the houfe fhe refided in? and fhe inftantly fat about planning fome trick to play in turn to her rival, and rob her at once of her lovers and her liberty. But this wicked woman knew not that fhe was involving alfo in difhonour a father of refpectable family and his virtuous daughter; or, if fhe had known it, fhe would have only laughed at it: all was indifferent to her, provided fhe was avenged.

At that time nothing was heard of at Paris, but the immenfe fortune of Dormon the financier and his regret at having loft his fpoufe. Neverthelefs Dormon paffed for an epicure, a great lover of pleafure and women. Madame de Linval had never feen him, and knew nothing of him but from general report. La Dumerel wrote to her in the ftile of friendfhip, to congratulate

her on her good fortune, informing her that, in the laſt viſit ſhe had paid to Paris, Dormon had ſeen her at the opera; that he was become her paſſionate admirer, and ſpoke no leſs than of marrying her, &c. &c.

This news almoſt turned Madame de Linval's brain: ſhe inſtantly returned a letter of thanks to her falſe friend for the communication, and begged her advice with regard to how ſhe ſhould proceed to ſecure her good fortune.

Madame Dumerel wrote to her the following letter, which formed the tiſſue of her whole conduct to my father and myſelf:

" My dear friend, when I think of the ſervice I am rendering you, I am indeed convinced I am doing that of which our ſex is thought incapable. I who have ſo many reaſons for being incenſed againſt you, I am intereſting

myſelf in your ſucceſs even at the expence of my own! But let me diſmiſs the ſubject; we ought to return good for evil; and beſides I have not ſo many charms as yourſelf to fix the affections of M. Dormon, who looks on me but as a friend, yourſelf as a miſtreſs, a future ſpouſe. Yet, my friend, this financier is difficult to pleaſe, ſcrupulous and whimſical. Can you imagine, my dear, the extravagant project the old fool means to put in execution, before he reveals himſelf, or offers you his hand! If I was not however to warn you, you would be the dupe of his artifice; I muſt therefore reveal to you his ſcheme, and I hope that one day your fortune and happineſs will be the ſweet fruits of my exertions. It is this:

"Dormon is to introduce himſelf to you at Orneval, under the pretence of inquiring for a Madame Durocher, who

inhabited your manſion before you. He will come under an aſſumed name; and, if you invite him to ſtay, which is certainly his wiſh, and he ſpends a few days at your houſe, you will obſerve him watch you, try you, ſtill in diſguiſe, and he will not reveal himſelf, till he thinks you worthy of his hand. Take care therefore to humour him, eſpecially be mindful that you give him no reaſon to ſuſpect that you are acquainted with his deſigns; for then he would become perfectly furious, and you would loſe him for ever. I muſt alſo inform you that he will be accompanied by a young female of about eighteen, a handſome and accompliſhed brunette, whom he paſſes off for his daughter, but all the world knows what ſhe is. You may ſuppoſe he will keep the motives of his journey a ſecret to this laſs. Pretend to obſerve nothing;

and, as you know he loves pleaſure, let there be feaſts, balls, good company to enliven him, in a word—but I need not enlarge farther: you underſtand me.

"Adieu, my fair Belle, arrange all for his arrival. Dormon, a man of about fifty years of age, of a brown complexion, well formed, melancholy, and inclined to taciturnity; his daughter.......if you will, about eighteen, handſome, but ſomewhat awkward, and reſtrained in her manners; under an aſſumed name, they will enquire for Madame Durocher, whoſe death they will pretend to be ignorant of. If you manage this information well, your fortune is made. Once more, therefore, adieu, my fair and fortunate one."

"PULCHERIA DUMERIL."

Here Jeannette could not forbear interrupting Cecilia, to expreſs her indignation and fears. O Heavens, my

dear lady, ſhe exclaimed, what a vile plot! you was then taken for a financier's miſtreſs. Ah! my blood freezes within me. Tell me what reſulted from this infamous falſehood. — Misfortunes the moſt terrible, my dear Jeannette. Liſten; we ſhall preſently come to them.

CHAPTER XVII.

How can it be confeſſed?

You may ſuppoſe, my friend, that, after receiving ſuch a letter, Madame de Linval could not for a moment doubt, on my father and myſelf making our appearance, that the former was the myſterious financier Dormon, and the latter the handſome but awkward young laſs, who paſſed for his daughter. Hence ſuch reſpectful attentions, ſuch entreaties to induce us to ſtay; hence the ſending her portrait to my father, thoſe partial confidences, thoſe famous interviews; in a word, all the arts of a coquette piqued with a man for ſo ſeriouſly endeavouring to

ſound her conduct and manners. The note by which my father was warned of the dangers I ran, in the company of a ſeducer, was alſo dictated by her; it was meant to render Dormon ſuſpicious of the fidelity of his miſtreſs, and to fix his attention more intenſely on the amiable object who now courted his affections. Madame de Linval had obſerved my growing paſſion for Saint Ange, and it was him ſhe meant in her perfidious letter.

Now I am ſpeaking of Saint Ange I may remark, that I could never account for the general and his nephew's conduct in viſiting a perſon of ſuch a ſuſpected character as Madame de Linval. Yet, if I may truſt ſome old reports reſpecting the general, he was by no means a ſtranger to the miſtreſs of the houſe. As to the nephew, he followed his uncle, to whoſe will he was

entirely ſubmiſſive; and you will ſoon perceive that, notwithſtanding the goodneſs of his principles, his manners did not remain totally free from the pollution which reigned through this aſylum of debauchery.....O my mother! you would not have left your daughter for one moment in ſuch a place!

In her laſt interview with my father, in which ſhe had aſked him if his name was not Dormon, though my father had denied it, had even rallied her on her miſtake, Madame de Linval was not convinced; but ſtill perſuaded that the pretended Dormon rejected her hand, and evidently deſpiſed her by his wiſh to leave her, this unfeeling woman meditated an horrible revenge. To execute it, it was neceſſary to engage us to remain with her two days more, a favour which ſhe ſoon obtained of the too eaſy D'Eranville. Emboldened by

her ſucceſs, more than ever perſuaded that my father was Dormon, and myſelf......a proſtitute: for I muſt confeſs it, however it harrows each modeſt feeling, the cruel Madame de Linval preſently aſſembled her gang of debauchees, compoſed of Duvillier, Lornevil, and many more. She then related to them, ſhedding tears of malice, that the unfortunate times, the ſmallneſs of her fortune, had induced her to ſeek the hand of the rich Dormon in marriage, who had alſo taken a liking to her. She informed them of all that had paſſed between Dormon and herſelf ſince he had reſided in the houſe, and concluded by imploring their aſſiſtance to avenge herſelf on the fickle wretch, and his girl, who no doubt influenced his conduct.—Faith! ſaid Duvillier, it is on the young laſs I would rather take my revenge.—And I alſo, added Lornevil.

The idea of revenging themſelves on Dormon's miſtreſs made them all laugh heartily: and the plot was then formed, which you will preſently ſee executed. You ſigh, Jeannette! you will ſoon have reaſon to pity me ſtill more.

In the evening, at ſupper, Madame de Linval, who ſince the morning had entirely changed her manners and behaviour towards us, aſked my father if he ſtill perſiſted in his deſign of departing the da after the morrow.—Madame, replied my father, I ſhould have departed to-day if it had not been for the premiſe I made you, I know not why, to ſtay two days longer.—You know not why, Sir? My conduct will explain that. This doubt, Sir, I think, a gentleman like you ought t leaſt to have repreſſed. Pardon, Sir, thi ſlight emotion of ſenſibility; it ſhall be the laſt.

My father did not anſwer her: he has confeſſed to me ſince that if it had not been for the promiſe which bound him, he would have departed that inſtant.

It was indeed eaſy for Madame de Linval to perceive that Dormon, for ſuch ſhe ſtill imagined my father, was far from ſhowing the leaſt affection to her, or even eſteem. However this may be, ſhe ſtill continued her diſſimulation, and propoſed a feaſt and ball, for the next day, to celebrate their farewell to Monſieur Saint Brice. I remarked that ſhe ſtill affected to lay an emphaſis on this name; which convinced me ſhe was ſtill undeceived. The converſation took a turn, for a ſhort time, on the arrangements of the intended feſtivity, and at length each of us retired to our chambers.

My father ſpoke but little; tired without doubt at the courſe of life he had theſe laſt few days purſued, he internally wiſhed to be freed from it, eſpecially when he reflected he had a daughter with him from whoſe eyes he wiſhed aſſiduouſly to remove each vicious ſcene of life. For my part, I ſlept ſoundly, in the pleaſing hopes of ſeeing again Saint Ange the next day, and of dancing with him. Hardly had I well awoke, before Madame de Linval enquired for me; the articles of the toilette were to be diſcuſſed; an important employment with her! ſhe teſtified even more friendſhip for me than uſual, but ſtill in that haughty manner which ſurpriſed, though it did not deeply affect me. She preſided herſelf at my equipment, and to every perſon who entered the apartment,

ſaid: There, is not this a fair laſs? ſhe will captivate the hearts, I fear, of not a few, Ah! ſhe will make more conqueſts than ſhe cares for!....

Our dinner paſſed gaily; Monſieur Saint Brice's health was drank; but with an air of irony which neither eſcaped my father's notice nor mine. We danced; I was followed, praiſed, adored by all; but I really ſhould have been unhappy amidſt all this enthuſiaſtic flattery, if Saint Ange had not ſtill been my conſtant companion, or had not charmed me by propoſals leſs flattering but more true. Yet Saint Ange did not appear ſo gallant nor ſo polite as uſual. He ſpoke to me in a manner rather free, and I obſerved ſeveral times a ſmile on his countenance, as he archly viewed me from the corner of his eye. Alas! they had told Saint Ange alſo the abſurd ſtory that I was

the miſtreſs, and not the daughter of the financier Dormon, &c. and the credulous Saint Ange had believed all theſe horrible calumnies.

The ball ended, a ſupper was now ſerved up, ſo elegant, and ſo tedious, where the wines were circulated in ſuch abundance, that, towards its concluſion, all the gueſts found they had drank too much. Duvillier and Lornevil were in the moſt dreadful ſtate of intoxication: my Saint Ange was more than half gone, and I had the ſorrow to ſee my father himſelf, he who was ſo much addicted to ſobriety, ſuddenly fall aſleep, overpowered by what he had drank. I felt in my turn a ſtrong propenſity to ſleep; and, ſuppoſing it natural, I aſked leave to retire. No, my angel, ſaid Madame de Linval, who had alone preſerved her reaſon; no, if you pleaſe, you

muſt not go alone; you muſt ſleep in my chamber to night. Look at all theſe men?....O my God! I am ſo frightened at drunkards! I ſhould never ſleep? you will do me a favour; I pray you, now?—Madame, my father....What if he ſhould be indiſpoſed in the night: I would rather not leave him.—That would be very natural, if there was no one elſe to wait on him, but he has Comptois, Lewis, and he ſhall have Champenois to watch by his bed-ſide! Oh! fear not, he is a moſt faithful attendant, and you may rely on his aſſiduities. Come, my dear.

I inſiſted on ſeeing my father conducted to his chamber. This was granted me; but preſently my eye-lids grew heavy, and I could no longer act or ſpeak.

Oh! Jeannette, the barbarians had

put into my drink a powder worſe than narcotic: the effect of it was ſuch, that it gave to ſleep all the quietude of death, without ſtopping the circulation of the blood, or injuring the principles or functions of life. In this ſtate of inſenſibility, they conducted me to an apartment adjoining Madame de Linval's, where they put me to bed. They then left my chamber door open, and abandoned me to the inſults of all the young libertines to whom Madame de Linval had given permiſſion to diſhonour me.

Yet, by the intervention of divine juſtice without doubt, which would not ſuffer innocence to become the prey of ſuch crimes, theſe wretches were ſo deeply intoxicated that it was impoſſible for them to recover from their ſtupor: Duvillier, Lornevil, and their worthy comrades ſnored and ſlept until the next morning. One only.....

Jeannette; ought I to confide to you this circumſtance! One only, the young Saint Ange, notwithſtanding his intoxication, which was however leſs exceſſive than the others, wandered about, as he has ſince ſaid, to defend me from inſult; for he knew the ſcheme of vengeance intended to be inflicted on *Dormon's girl,* and, far from entering into it with alacrity, had oppoſed it. Saint Ange; ah, Jeannette!......Saint Ange found the door of my apartment open; he entered, guided by the light they left in it; and the cruel youth, far from defending, and protecting me when in a ſtate of utter inſenſibility, ſuffered himſelf to be led away by his paſſions: the place, the hour, the ſtillneſs......O Jeannette!......

Stupified as I was by the deadly narcotic that had been given me, I

ſancied that night in a dream that I beheld Saint Ange by my ſide : he ſpoke to me of his love, and even a kiſs he had the temerity to give me thrilled with rapture my whole frame. This is all I can recall, Jeannette, of that night of diſhonour, when a giddy youth, almoſt deprived of reaſon, convinced moreover that I was a vile proſtitute, and whoſe perſon already had been abuſed by many, dared....But let me think no more of it.....let me follow the tiſſue of my ſad adventures.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Conſequences.

It was late before I awoke the next morning; and, if it had not been for another drug, I believe, which was brought me in bed, I felt ſo exhauſted, I could not have riſen. I was not ſurpriſed at finding myſelf in a ſtrange apartment; I knew that on the preceding evening, Madame de Linval had expreſſed a wiſh to have me near her; but my firſt enquiry was reſpecting my father's health. I was told he was well, and that he had already enquired for me, as he was impatient to ſet out. I haſtened in ſearch of him; he expreſſed his regret at having

ſuffered himſelf, the night before, to be overcome by ſleep, and eſpecially at my having paſſed the night ſo far from him. I, who never ſuſpected the treachery that had been uſed, aſſured him that in an apartment near Madame de Linval's I had ſlept in ſafety. My kind father ſhook his head, not to intimate he did not believe me, but only to expreſs his opinion that I ſhould have been ſafer near him. He truſted moreover to my principles; and for my part, I could have ſworn to him I was the moſt innocent aud pureſt creature in the world.

We went down to take our leaves, and found Saint Ange with Madame de Linval, who was loudly laughing: nor did our preſence put a ſtop to her merriment, which I thought was even carried to a degree of rudeneſs; as to Saint Ange, he retired bluſhing deeply. Ma-

dame de Linval called to him: Where are you going? well! this is childiſh indeed!

Madame de Linval embraced me, with an ironical air, ſaying to me: Farewell, my ſweet girl; Heaven grant you may yet have to remember your reſidence here....She did not perhaps at the time ſuppoſe ſhe prophecied ſo truly. She then coldly ſaluted my father: You are now going to Paris, I preſume.—No, Madame, to Dunkirk.—What any more taxes to raiſe there? Ah! pardon me, I was thinking of the financier Dormon.—Madame, you promiſed me to have done with this jeſting!—Well, ſir, I ſhall ſay no more. I ſalute you, and wiſh you both a pleaſant journey.

A ſarcaſtic ſmile accompanied this wiſh, and we preſently left the manſion to aſcend into our carriage. While my father was giving ſome orders, Saint

Ange drew near. At length, whiſpered he, in ſpite of yourſelf, I have been the happieſt of men.—What do you mean, ſir?—That I ſhall ever adore you, ſince, I have never beheld any one ſo worthy of adoration.—This light behaviour, ſir, does not become you; it is more ſuitable to the young libertines you call your friends: and if you continue to uſe it to me, it will diminiſh, I confeſs, the regret I ſhould otherwiſe feel in leaving you.

Saint Ange changed colour, and aſſuming a more reſpectful tone, replied: What! Mademoiſelle, will you deign to honour with your regret one who ſincerely loves you.—I was never ſo ungrateful as not to feel for the intereſt another takes in my happineſs.—Ah Mademoiſelle! why are you not what you ſeem to be!

I paid little attention to this excla-

mation, which I explained thus, after the obſcurity of a lover's language: why is not your heart as ſenſible to love as the accents of your voice ſeem to ſhew! My father now came unexpectedly on us, and our converſation was interrupted. My ſpirits failed me when I beheld Saint Ange leave me, and he himſelf turned back ſeveral times regarding me with eyes filled with tears. Madame de Linval was alſo there, who ſmiled, looked at Saint Ange, then impertinently ſurveyed me, and could hardly contain her malignant joy. As to the other libertines, God be praiſed! they were ſtill aſleep, and I was thus ſaved from their adieus.

We got into our carriage, and Madame de Linval again addreſſed my father and me with ſome equivocal expreſſions, which convinced us this falſe and perfidious woman had ſtill acted

with diſſimulation, and was undeceived regarding the fictitious Dormon.

My father regretted his long ſtay in this diſcreditable manſion, in compliance with the wiſhes of others; and as for me, if I bore in my heart the image of Saint Ange, time ſoon proved that I alſo exported, from this ſeat of noiſe a fruitful ſource of tears and ſufferings, to ſeal my diſhonour.

There happened to us nothing extraordinary until we reached Boulogne, where lay one of my father's ancient eſtates. This, like the reſt, was loſt to us, but we ſtopped with an intention of paſſing a few months at the houſe of a rich acquaintance of my father. Valence, this was our friend's name, was a worthy and kind man; and his wife, as modeſt as ſhe was wiſe and virtuous, devoted her attention to the education of her two children who were as yet

very young. How different was the economy of this family to that of Madame de Linvals... Here were pleafures not noify, but irreproachable; a fociety, fmall in number, but felect; friends in whom we could confide; a father of a family, active, induftrious, though eafy in his circumftances, and a benevolent mother, who treated me as her own child; taking care of my health, queftioning me with regard to every little circumftance, and difplaying to me the tendereft affection. Madame Valence had been the friend of my mother, whom you know, Jeannette, I extremely refemble, and fhewed to the daughter the fame attachment fhe had felt for the mother.

We paffed fix months in this manfion, but, my poor Jeannette, the latter ones were far from being fo happy as the former; an extraordinary derange-

ment of my health at firſt ſingularly alarmed me. I, with extreme ſimplicity, revealed this circumſtance to Madame Valence, who, on hearing it, knit her eye-brows, and at laſt was ſo unkind as to call in queiſton my virtue. This unjuſt ſuſpicion pained me ſo much that I burſt into tears. Madame Valence, convinced by my proteſtations, which candour and my extreme ignorance of the conſtitution of my ſex dictated, was nevertheleſs ſo prudent as not to reveal my ſituation to my father. She ſent privately for ſome medical men, who all agreed that I was pregnant.

Pregnant! you may conceive my ſurpriſe, Jeannette, and the ſimplicity of my queſtions! Pregnant! good heavens! and by whom? how? at what time? Madame Valence would not reaſonably give credit to my aſſertions.

You perceive, Jeannette, I could reveal nothing, ſince I was ignorant how this condition, which I called an illneſs, was come upon me. However, at length convinced, as well as the phyſicians and Madame Valence, that I was pregnant, I endeavoured to convince them that this ſtate muſt be natural, and they were all conſequently very ignorant. The grave doctors for once were growing very angry, if my kind friend had not interfered and appeaſed them: nevertheleſs this friend, without leſſening her attachment towards me, withdrew partly her confidence; and when I carried mine ſo far as to confeſs to her that my heart acknowledged a charming youth, named Saint Ange, Madame Valence did not doubt, in ſpite of my obſtinate ſilence, that this charming Saint Ange was the

father of the child I ſhould ſoon bring into the world.

I nevertheleſs begged her not to ſpeak of the affair to my father; ſhe promiſed ſhe would not, and kept her word: but ſhe told me I ſhould find it very difficult to conceal the circumſtance when the natural period arrived that I ſhould become a mother. She regretted ſhe could not have me at her houſe at that critical time; it was in vain I entreated my father to paſs with his friends the rigorous ſeaſon of winter: he was inexorable; we left our kind entertainers at the ſixth month of my pregnancy, which already grew very viſible to every one, except, luckily for me, my father, who was indeed leaſt likely to remark it. We now departed for Calais, where my father had ſome old friends to viſit. I trembled leſt I ſhould not find them ſo indulgent as thoſe I had

quitted; but good fortune attended me in this affair, and I found friends as ardent as I could wiſh.

Monſieur de Servol was an old officer who had paid already his duties three times at the foot of hymen's altar. Two of his wives were no more; and the third, who was not more than twenty-three years of age, was the moſt amiable and benevolent woman I had ever known. Madame de Servol had been acquainted with my mother as well as Madame Valence, and ſhewed to me the livelieſt affection. I felt ſufficient confidence in her to reveal my ſituation, aſſuring her I was abſolutely ignorant how it could happen: ſhe ſmiled, would not believe me, but had too much delicacy to preſs me to reveal this ſecret as ſhe called it. Madame de Servol promiſed to give me her utmoſt aſſiſtance in concealing from every eye

the reſult of an imprudence ſhe declared I had committed, and from this time my mind was more eaſy.

Conceive my condition, Jeannette! Put yourſelf in the place of a young female, innocent and modeſt, who beheld herſelf a mother without being able to aſſign the leaſt cauſe. Can you imagine a ſituation more dreadful, more grievous? For indeed I who abſolutely knew nothing but of my own ſex, who had never left my paternal manſion, how could I ſuſpect my misfortune took its riſe from that unhappy night when I left my father's apartments. But I had ſlept all the night, or at leaſt fancied ſo. It never once entered my mind that any accident could have happened to me this fatal night, which ſeemed not more ſuſpicious than any other; yet it was not long before I learnt the cauſe of my misfor-

tune; and now, Jeannette, will you perceive ſome traces of the noble and truly virtuous ſoul of him who had indeed committed an error which was the ſource of much ſuffering to me, but which the place, the time, his condition, and the depraved ſociety with which he had lately aſſociated, might in ſome degree excuſe.

One morning when we were at breakfaſt with M. de Servol, his wife, and children, a ſervant entered to announce the commander of Mellery and his nephew. At this unforeſeen intimation, I grew pale; my heart beat violently, and I thought I ſhould have fainted. Soon, however, the certainty of ſeeing again a friend, whom I had never ceaſed thinking of ſince my departure from Orneval, refreſhed my ſpirits, and reſtored me ſtrength and courage. As to my father, he was quite delighted

to ſee again his old commander, the only man who had intereſted him among the ſociety of Madame de Linval. What! ſaid he to M. de Servol, are you acquainted with the commander of Mellery?—Acquainted with him; he has been my friend theſe forty years! But here he is!...

The commander entered, and while he embraced his old friend, Saint Ange perceived me, and flew to me, exclaiming: Mademoiſelle Saint Brice! Ah, Mademoiſelle! how many wrongs have I to repair in regard to you!....They cruelly deceived me!

As he ſaid theſe words.....but, Jeannette, the hour grows late: while I relate my ſtory to you, I feel not fatigue, and time flies away. To-morrow, Jeannette, to-morrow evening, I will conclude the relation of adventures not leſs ſingular than thoſe I have

already communicated, but my ſtory now draws to a cloſe.

Cecilia and Jeannette preſently fell into the ſweet repoſe of innocence and virtue, and the next evening Cecilia reſumed her intereſting narration in the following words.

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